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THE MONTH

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When George the Fourth was King. No. V.

ABOUT this time the Duke of Wellington wrote to the Duke of Cumberland that he felt that Mr. Canning's temper and habits were such as to render it impossible to serve under him, without becoming liable daily to the consequences of acts done or words spoken in heat, or without quarrelling with him. This declaration shows the serious character of the Duke's hostility. Nor did this hostility much abate on the death of the great statesman. We find him writing to his friends: "I hear that Dr. Farr says it was Canning's temper that killed him." Mr. Croker assured him that the King's confidence in his late Minister was almost unlimited. Only a week before his death he had shown Mr. Croker a letter, in which the King seemed to look to him as the protector of his dignity. He would have gradually, he said, persuaded him into even receiving Mr. Brougham. This untimely death, which took place in this year, plunged the King into fresh troubles. "Heart and soul a Protestant," as he professed himself, he might surely now gratify his feelings by taking back all the elements of the Liverpool Cabinet, with the Duke to replace its chief. The only disturbing influence had passed away. But his perplexed mind began to fluctuate. He told Mr. Huskisson that no Government could be thought of without the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel. When he was pressed therefore to send for the Duke, he declared that the latter would be, "as he had always been, of the greatest comfort to him at this moment; but that after what had so freshly happened, *almost with the wax of the present Ministers' appointments soft, he could not at once turn round upon those who had adhered to Canning, and treat them as if they were Canning's lackeys.*" He also spoke of his own "permanent dignity," and that the "simulacrum of an effort" should be made—which *would enable him* to take his course with the Duke with greater satisfaction." The Goderich Ministry was the result,

"a miserable thing," as the Duke called it—and ill-balanced concern. The first result was the restoration of the Duke to his command, which was offered to him at seven in the morning, and accepted before eight.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Royal Lodge, August 15, 1827.

My dear Friend,—I write for the purpose of again offering to you the command of my army, and I sincerely hope that the time is arrived when the country will no longer be deprived of the benefit of your high talent.

Always, with great truth, your sincere friend,

G. R.

Duke accepted on August the 16th.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Royal Lodge, Friday night, August 17, 1827.

My dear Friend,—I have this evening, by the hands of Lord Anglesey, received your affectionate and dutiful letter. I write to you immediately, that I may have the pleasure and satisfaction (as soon as you can conveniently come to me) of seeing you, that you may kiss hands, and assume the command of the army without delay. I will add one word more, merely to express the happiness I shall have in receiving you.

Ever, with true regard, your sincere friend,

G. R.

On the new Ministry being formed by the Duke of Wellington, and including Mr. Peel, Lord Lyndhurst, and others of the same political school, the King might fondly delude himself that he had now at last secured a Ministry of Protestants, and therefore after his own heart. He little dreamed that he was now entering on the most troubled era of his life, and that in its closing days he was to be forced to gulp the nauseous political potion that he had so often successfully put away from him. He was moreover to find that he had imposed upon himself the yoke of two disciplinarians, who were not to be trifled with. The surprise of this discovery must have been painful indeed. This, however, was the last thing that occurred to him, and he had settled that the Duke of Wellington was to be "my dearest friend," and with many "God bless you's," we may presume, to be made suitably flexible by a display of enthusiastic affection. Lord Eldon, the Tory buttress, was indeed left out, which he

himself attributed to secret female influence, but a better reason was that he was virtually *passé*, and not likely to be of further use.

On January the 9th, the Duke was at Windsor arranging details. The King said he presumed that the Ministry must be formed of persons holding both opinions in respect to the Catholic question; but that, as in former Protestant Governments, it must not be a Cabinet question. There must be a Protestant Lord Chancellor of Ireland, a Protestant Secretary, and Protestant Lord Lieutenant. He approved, he said, of all his late and of all his former servants, and had no objection to anybody—*except to Lord Grey*. On the whole, he left the Duke *carte blanche*. With this pliant mood, the task became easy. But it would seem that he was inclined to be shifty in the case of certain undertakings as to peerages entered into by the fallen Premier. The latter was compelled to appeal to him in great distress on the matter, declaring that "his personal honour was concerned," as he would be accused of "having broken faith with those whose cases," he adds significantly, "upon his humble recommendation, received your Majesty's gracious approbation."

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Royal Lodge, January 11, 1828.

My dear Friend,—I have just received your letters. I can scarcely write. I hope in the course of the evening that you will be enabled to give me some outline as to the probable frame of your Government. Lord Goderich sent me the inclosed yesterday. I am, I suppose, pledged to make the new peers; but you had better see Lord Goderich, as I put the matter in your hands.

Your affectionate friend,

G. R.

"I am, I suppose, pledged!" This was a strange royal declaration. The Duke of Wellington wrote to Lord Goderich, with a soldier's directness, that every case in which his Majesty's pleasure *had been taken*, and communication made to the individual, ought to be completed as soon as possible, and "you had better give directions according." Lord Goderich seems to have acted on his instruction.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

From my bed.

Royal Lodge, January 14, 1828,
Monday, four o'clock.

My dear Friend,—I have just received a letter from Lord Goderich,

which makes it quite necessary for me to see you to-morrow morning. Pray have the kindness to be here at ten o'clock.

With great truth, ever your sincere friend,

G. R.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Royal Lodge, Thursday night, January 17, 1828.

My dear Friend,—I have just received your list, which, of course, I do approve; and I feel very sensibly the very arduous task you have undertaken: nevertheless, under your care and guidance, I trust it will all do well. I am really quite *heart-broken* respecting my friend the Duke of Devonshire and my friend Lord Carlisle. Can you suggest any means of keeping the Duke?

Yours affectionately,

G. R.

[ENCLOSURE.]

Memorandum.

January 17th.

It is really essential to my private affairs that Scarlett should be kept, if possible. There is much depending in my duchies upon this gentleman's particular knowledge and talent.

G. R.

His poignant feelings on parting with the Duke of Devonshire had been more or less excited by "a scene of an affecting kind" when that nobleman came to resign his office in person. He was also much concerned about the Duke of Argyll.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Royal Lodge, January 28, 1828,

Monday evening, seven o'clock.

My dear Friend,—I lose not a moment in forwarding to you a letter which I have just received, and which I must candidly acknowledge to you distresses me much. The Duke of Argyll's statement is perfectly correct. I therefore desire you will see if anything yet can be done to remedy this very unpleasant business, as I cannot submit to the Duke of Argyll's conceiving that it was by *any desire of mine* that he has received his dismissal. Your sentiments coinciding so completely with mine, I am sure you will know how to appreciate my feelings upon this subject, and that you will do all you can to relieve me from this embarrassment.

Always most truly yours,

G. R.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Royal Lodge, Wednesday evening, seven o'clock,

January 30, 1828.

My dear Friend,—I thank you for the letters you sent me to-day. I am perfectly satisfied with what you have stated respecting the Duke

of Argyll, and I therefore enclose to you the Duke of Gordon's warranty, which I had delayed putting my signature to until I had received your answer to my letter. I congratulate you upon everything having apparently gone off so tranquilly and so well yesterday in both Houses of Parliament.

Always most truly yours,

G. R.

In the question of the Corporation and Test Act, it would appear that the King's Protestant feelings were treated with scant consideration. The Protestant peers wished that the solemn, all-important words, "*I am a Protestant*," should find a place. The Duke and the Chancellor supported this view. We find the King uttering his querulous and unavailing complaints.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

St. James's Palace, Friday, two o'clock, p.m.

April 25, 1828.

My dear Friend,—I received your box, with the account of last night's debate, about an hour since. I wish that you had come and talked the business over with me that was to take place in the House of Lords, previous to your going down to the House yesterday. Had I entertained the slightest idea of what was to occupy the House, I should most certainly have desired your attendance, and that of our friend the Chancellor, before the discussion.

After that which did pass in a conversation (not long since) between me and the Archbishop of Canterbury upon this *very subject*, and in which I *strongly expressed my own sentiments, which for years and years have never varied, I feel that unless the word Protestant be introduced as proposed into the Act itself, individually, as a Protestant, and as the head and protector of the religion of this country, we have virtually no sort of permanent security left us to look to for the preservation of the Established Church.*

I am most anxious, my *dear friend*, that you should show this letter to the Chancellor, *at the first moment* you can see him, and at any rate *before* he takes his seat on the woolsack.

Always your sincere friend,

G. R.

The Duke must, in familiar phrase, "have been sick" of these protestations. The first instance in which his Majesty tried his power was in the well known Huskisson episode, when affected resignation and its treatment by the Duke was a valuable precedent, and had no doubt exercised a wholesome influence: the memorable reply, "There is no mistake," &c., operating as a

warning against such political coquetting. When the question of his successor was under consideration, the King wrote—

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

St. James's Palace, Sunday, four o'clock, p.m.

May 25, 1828.

My dear Friend,—Pray come to no immediate conclusion upon *any new* arrangement until I see you *to-morrow*. I have thought much upon this subject since we parted. What do you think of the enclosed list, which has occurred to me?

Your sincere friend,

G. R.

But the Duke replied drily, "I am afraid the arrangement suggested by your Majesty would not answer.

There was a delicate *finesse*, too, in his mode of administering a rebuke to the King, who had taken on himself too hastily to endorse an application for an Irish peerage for Mr. Daly, which Lord Anglesey had forwarded. He apologized to his Majesty for Lord Anglesey's having sent the official record to the King before his Majesty had the opportunity of considering whether it should be made. And later, again, he wrote on the same subject: "Since my arrival in town, I observe that your Majesty has signed the letter to Lord Anglesey. *I propose to keep that document in my possession till I learn your Majesty's pleasure upon it.*"

A glimpse of the King at this time in his social moments, is not displeasing: "June 29.—I dined yesterday with the King at St. James's—his Jockey Club dinner. There were about thirty people, several not being invited whom he did not fancy. The Duke of Leeds told me a much greater list had been made out, but he had scratched several out of it. We assembled in the Throne-room, and found him already there, looking very well and walking about. He soon, however, sat down, and desired everybody else to do so. Nobody spoke, and he laughed and said, 'This is more like a Quaker than a Jockey Club meeting.' We soon went to dinner, which was in the Great Supper-room, and very magnificent. He sat in the middle, with the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton on each side of him. I sat opposite to him, and he was particularly gracious to me, talking to me across the table and recommending all the good things; he made me (after eating a quantity of turtle) eat a dish of crawfish soup, till I thought I should have burst. After dinner the Duke of Leeds, who sat at the head of the table, gave 'The King.'

We all stood up, when his Majesty thanked us, and said he hoped this would be the first of annual meetings of the sort to take place, there or elsewhere under his roof. He then ordered paper, pens, &c., and they began making matches and stakes; the most perfect ease was established, just as much as if we had been dining with the Duke of York, and he seemed delighted. He made one or two little speeches, one recommending that a stop should be put to the exportation of horses. He twice gave 'The Turf,' and at the end the Duke of Richmond asked his leave to give a toast, and again gave 'The King.' He thanked all the gentlemen, and said that there was no man who had the interests of the turf more at heart than himself, that he was delighted at having this party, and that the oftener they met the better, and he only wanted to have it pointed out to him how he could promote the pleasure and amusement of the turf, and he was ready to do anything in his power. He got up at half-past twelve and wished us good-night. Nothing could go off better, and Mount Charles told me he was sure he was delighted."

Many as had been the struggles with Ministers and others in which the King had been engaged, and in which he had to display the arts of delay, wheedling, and craft—in all of which he was a proficient—the severest and most disagreeable of all was now before him. He was to be once more confronted with the eternal CATHOLIC QUESTION, and to have the task, "most painful to his feelings," according to his favourite expression, of bringing it to a solution. It was unfortunate for him that such a moment had been chosen; for he was at that time almost a dying man, or, as his physician put it, "was fast breaking up." During the years 1828 and 1829 he was to suffer acutely from gouty swellings in his hands and feet: his ankles, always small and attenuated, were insufficient to bear the growing bulk of his body, and on slight exercise swelled up. This gave him a disinclination to walk or go out, and this sedentary life increased his ailments. He was racked with pains, which could only be alleviated by large doses of laudanum—a hundred drops at a time—administered by direction of Sir Henry Hallford, with protest on the part of Sir W. Knighton.

It was this condition of the King that was one of the chief embarrassments of the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel in their determination to "settle" this great question, a determination to which they had been led long before even a suspicion of their purpose had got abroad. Nor was it so much

the physical state of the King, as his shift, impracticable humour which, though the Minister had the power of controlling and even intimidating for a time, yet opened opportunities for bigoted opponents to work on. His weakness of "taking the advice of the last person he saw," according to Lady Hertford's expression, and his eager wish to show that he was a King according to the old pattern of his father, made it the most hopeless and harassing task to "fix" him to any engagement; while, finally, his twenty years adherence to the fanatical side had fostered an almost rabid bigotry, perfectly genuine, influenced by these protracted and excited conversations with intemperate men of that faction, of which the reader has had many specimens. "Between the King and his brothers, the government of this country has become a most heart-breaking concern. Nobody can ever know where he stands upon any subject," so said the Duke in perfect despair at his shiftiness in another matter.

At this time occurred a curious family episode, which added to the troubles of the ailing monarch. The Duke of Clarence, lately appointed Lord High Admiral, had been showing symptoms of extravagance, if not of eccentricity in his behaviour. This took the shape of an unseemly perverseness and of undignified resentment against one of his colleagues who ventured to remonstrate against his proceedings. The Duke of Wellington was generally required to recall these royal brethren to their good behaviour, and this he did with a wholesome severity of which they stood in awe. The Lord High Admiral, by the terms of his patent, was no more than president of a council, and could not act without their advice, and of this he was respectfully reminded by Sir G. Cockburn, his colleague. To this, on the 10th of July, he responded, still dating from his yacht, *Royal Sovereign*. This strange composition ran:

Sir,—Your letter does not give me displeasure, but *concern*, to see *one* I had *kept* when appointed to this situation of Lord High Admiral, *constantly* opposing what *I* consider *good* for the King's service. In this free country every one has a *right* to have *his* opinion, and *I* have therefore to have *mine*, which *differs* totally from *yours*. . . . I cannot conclude without repeating, *my* council is *not* to dictate, but to give advice.

He later complained of receiving a letter, "if possible, a more disrespectful, more *impertinent*, if possible, than his first."

Appeal was made to the King, who thus intervened :

The King to the Duke of Clarence.

Royal Lodge, Tuesday night, July 15, 1828.

My dear William;—My friend, the Duke of Wellington, as my first Minister, has considered it his duty to lay before me the whole of the correspondence that has taken place with you upon the subject relating to yourself and Sir George Cockburn. It is with feelings of the deepest regret that I observe the embarrassing position in which you have placed yourself. You are in error from the beginning to the end. This is not a matter of opinion, but a positive fact; and when the Duke of Wellington so properly calls your attention to the words of your patent, let me ask you how Sir George Cockburn could have acted otherwise?

You must not forget, my dear William, that Sir George Cockburn is the King's Privy Councillor, and so made by the King to advise the Lord High Admiral. What becomes of Sir George Cockburn's oath, his duty towards me, his Sovereign, if he fails to offer such advice as he may think necessary to the Lord High Admiral? Am I, then, to be called upon to dismiss the most useful and perhaps the most important naval officer in my service for conscientiously acting up to the letter and spirit of his oath and his duty? The thing is impossible. I love you *most truly*, as you know, and no one would do more or go further to protect and meet your feelings; but on the present occasion I have no alternative: you must give way, and listen to the affection of your best friend and most attached brother,

G. R.

The King was complimented by the Duke of Wellington on this production, as being a most able and judicious one.

The Lord High Admiral vindicated himself to his brother in terms of great effusion, "rejoicing in the affection and friendship of fifty-seven years." He adds rather unhandsomely: "I shall, however, make one observation: that Sir G. Cockburn *cannot* be the *most useful*, and the *most important* officer in your Majesty's service, who *never* had the ships *he* commanded in *proper* fighting order."

Mr. Croker, who was then Secretary to the Admiralty, describes the behaviour of the Duke at the office with much humour—picturing him as hinting at the officer who had displeased him, with considerable exasperation, and telling of his "own eternal displeasure." Sir G. Cockburn positively declined to withdraw his remonstrance or its principle, though he was induced at last to express regret for having offended his Highness. Thus the matter was composed for a few weeks, when the Court was again annoyed to learn that on a squadron putting to sea under Sir H. Blackwood, the eccentric High

Admiral had joined them in his *Royal Sovereign* yacht, flying his flag, and all without the King's orders.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Royal Lodge, August 3, 1828.

My dear Friend,—If the Lord High Admiral cannot make up his mind to fill his station according to the laws of the country, it will be quite impossible for the King to retain him in his present situation. It is very painful to my feelings, after all that has passed, that you should be placed in the disagreeable position of again explaining to my brother my sentiments, and consequently those of my Government, who are the responsible agents in this matter.

No man understands discipline better than my brother, therefore I am the more surprised at his hoisting his flag as Lord High Admiral without my orders.

Your sincere friend,

G. R.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Royal Lodge, August 10, 1828.

My dear Friend,—My sentiments coincide entirely with yours upon this disagreeable altercation with the Lord High Admiral. As he dines with me on the next Tuesday (the 12th), I desire you will be with me early on that day, in order that I may have some conversation with you before I see my brother.

Ever your sincere friend,

G. R.

P.S.—I will restore your papers to you when I shall see you here.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Royal Lodge, August 11, 1828.

My dear Friend,—I have read with the most careful attention your further correspondence with the Lord High Admiral.

I will repeat to your Grace the words that I used to my brother when I had occasion to write to him on this painful subject, namely: "That he was in error from the beginning to the end."

I now desire distinctly to state, once for all, that I most entirely approve of all that you, in the exercise of your bounden duty towards me, as my First Minister, have communicated to the Lord High Admiral on the subject now before me. When I appointed my brother to the station of Lord High Admiral, I had reasonably hoped that I should have derived comfort, peace, and tranquillity from such an appointment; but from what has hitherto taken place, it would seem as if the very reverse were to happen.

Can the Lord High Admiral suppose that the laws are to be infringed, the rules of true discipline (which he knows so well how to uphold) are to be broken in upon? and that these things are to pass

without notice or remonstrance by the responsible advisers of the Crown? Can the Lord High Admiral suppose that his best friend and his Sovereign is to have no feeling under the circumstances? I am quite aware that I am drawing fast to the close of my life; it may be the will of the Almighty that a month, a week, a day, may call the Lord High Admiral to be my successor. I love my brother William: I have always done so to my heart's core; and I will leave him the example of what the inherent duty of a King of this country really is. The Lord High Admiral shall strictly obey the laws enacted by Parliament, as attached to his present station, or I desire immediately to receive his resignation.

Such are my commands to your Grace.

Ever your sincere friend,

G. R.

The election of Mr. O'Connell for Clare, in July, 1828, was of course the event that forced on the settlement, and Lord Eldon and other sagacious observers at once felt just forebodings that the "Duke intends next Session to emancipate the Catholics." In fact, early in August both he and Mr. Peel had taken their resolution, though it is plain that the Duke was determined not to allow his hand to be forced by eager agitators on that side till the moment arrived. It was to come in the form of a concession from opponents, and not as the victory of a party. This may explain his behaviour to his own Lord Lieutenant, Lord Anglesey. The political incidents have been often set out, and are familiar enough; but, as we have said, the management of the King, and the faction of dukes and lords who had access to him, required the greatest delicacy.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Royal Lodge, Friday night, twelve o'clock,
July 12, 1828.

My dear Friend,—I have this moment received your box, with your long, most interesting, and important letter, and other annexations, concerning which at this late hour I will say nothing, but reserve my sentiments (which, *by-the-bye*, are *entirely* in *unison* with *your* representations) for a personal interview, when I shall freely enter with you into every part of the present matter, so (as I hope) not only to settle this *immediate* question, but to put the extinguisher *upon all* and *every* future attempt which might (otherwise and at some most unexpected moment) hereafter arise, or rather recur, if not *now* and *immediately* (but with good-humour and firmness) stopped *in limine*. Your time I know in general is (and must be most particularly so at the present moment) so cruelly occupied with a variety of important matter and matters, that I

can scarcely bring myself to name any particular day or hour for your attendance upon me, under the apprehension that it might possibly interfere with the only moments of relaxation and comfort which so sparingly fall to your share. However, *as* the Chancellor is to be in attendance upon me between twelve and one o'clock on Sunday next (the day after to-morrow), to converse over some matters of importance, and to which you must be a primitive, but at any rate a most essential party, perhaps you will deem it not inconvenient, and more eligible, to come to the Lodge about the *same hour*, by which all purposes may be at once and more easily answered than by separate conferences.

Believe me, always your most sincere friend,

G. R.

The first opening of the matter of the King is shown in the following :

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Royal Lodge, August 3, 1828.

My dear Friend,—I have read with the most anxious attention your memorandum respecting the present state of Ireland. I fear the picture of that unhappy country is but too true. You have my full permission to go into the question of Ireland with the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Peel, and we have this settled understanding, that I pledge myself to *nothing* with respect to the *Cabinet*, or any *future proceeding*, until I am in possession of your plan.

Always your sincere friend,

G. R.

This document had been judiciously prepared with a view of leading the King's mind to what was to follow; but he little knew that only a few days later Mr. Peel had addressed a letter to his colleague, the Duke, declaring that the time had come for a change of policy towards the Roman Catholics. While everything was going on well, the whole had been nearly shipwrecked by the news of Mr. Dawson's awkwardly-timed speech at Derry, which aroused, not unnaturally, the King's quick suspicions. He shrewdly conceived that it was connected with some change of view in the Cabinet. The Chancellor was with him a long time, as Mr. Greville well recollected, trying to tranquillize him. He believed that the speech was made in concert with Mr. Peel and the Duke, to prepare the way. This unpleasant *contretemps* increased this difficulty.

So early as September the Duke had informed Lord Anglesey that he would lay the Bill for Emancipation before the King when he got better. The King had taken a particular aversion to the Lord Lieutenant, and was eager to recall him.

But though the latter was acting with too much independence for a pro-consul, the Duke advocated reserve, and it was not until the well-known incident of the "Curtis letter" that he was recalled.

His Majesty was indeed in a precarious way. The gout was raging in his hands, which were so swelled that he could not sign public documents—a serious labour when a number were to be perfected—and it was proposed to have a sort of stamp, to be affixed with due formalities. However, in the midst of his illness, he had all the Anglesey documents read to him, though suffering acutely, so eager and "intense" was he on this subject. However, by October he was "creeping out of his illness," and, as though he scented the danger, proposed that the venerable Eldon should be called into the Government as President of the Council. This ludicrous notion the Duke put aside, almost sarcastically telling his Majesty that Lord Eldon was an inconvenient sort of colleague, for he was often not disposed to take his share in the advocacy of measures for which the Government were responsible. It would also, he added significantly, be interpreted by the public as evidence of a change of opinion. He then once more pressed on him the frightful state of Ireland, and the possibility of finding no remedy unless the *whole state of the question*—an elastic but significant phrase—was taken into consideration.

Early in November the Duke sent the King his letter to Lord Anglesey, which was of a severe character, and which gave his Majesty, ill as he was, great delight. He fancied that this nobleman was the embodiment of the pro-Catholic agency, and his Minister was, perhaps, not disinclined to let him direct his hostile feelings in that direction. "His Majesty says," wrote Sir W. Knighton, "(I use his own words), that it is quite a cordial to his feelings. The King read your letter twice over; he says it has quite relieved him." Thus encouraged, the Duke next despatched a long paper or scheme of arrangement for the Catholics, which now fills some twenty printed pages, and which he desired to submit to the Protestant Bishops.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Royal Lodge, November 17, 1828.

My dear Friend,—I am unable to use the pen myself: I can therefore only dictate.

I have no objection to your sending the paper to the Bishops; but then, let it be under your own authority, and not from my recom-

mendation, as the only means of avoiding all comments with respect to myself.

I also think that Mr. Peel should see the paper, as well as your letter to me ; but all this must proceed from yourself.

I consider your paper very able ; but on the point in question I need not tell you what my feelings are.

Your sincere friend,

G. R.

Here are evident some uneasy forebodings. But the Duke had sent a severe rebuke to Lord Anglesey, in reply to a letter of that nobleman. So the King rallied, and gave vent to his "feelings" in one of his most characteristic, rambling, and strangely qualified letters.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Royal Lodge, November 20, 1828.

Half-past eleven a.m.

My dear Friend,—Though it is still attended with much pain and difficulty, I cannot return your interesting despatch of last night without its being accompanied with a short line from my own poor enfeebled hand.

Your answer carries with it (as it appears to me) all that frankness, point, and at the same time *firmness*, which it ought to do ; whilst, on the other hand, the Lord Lieutenant's letter is nothing but a proud and pompous farrago of the most *outré* bombast, of eulogium upon himself, his political principles, and his government of Ireland, without (at least *materially*), according to the best of my recollection, answering or even alluding to any one of the *very essential points* which you so properly and so necessarily pressed upon him in your original letter, and which has called forth this most curious document and specimen of pride in the shape of a reply.

Consistency and firmness is, and must be, the only line for us to pursue if he will not take and understand the very clear, and at the same time liberal and gentlemanly hint in its tone, given to him by you in your former letter ; I and my Government must act for ourselves, and he must be removed by us as shortly as possible, but with all proper dignity on our part, accompanied by as much personal attention to himself as the nature of the case will admit ; for if it required anything more than I have already stated, I am sure that it would betray the utmost folly and weakness in the Government could they be supposed for one instant to fancy to themselves, after being in possession of this most curious reply, and especially from the tone in which it is written, that they either could or that the writer himself would ever submit to be interfered with, or (much less) to be guided by them in any essential measure which the state of Ireland may, in our opinion, call for. At any rate, cordial

support you never can nor must expect from the present Lord Lieutenant.

Ever your sincere friend,

G. R.

P.S.—I must apologize for this scrawl, but I cannot hold the pen any longer.

The Curtis incident brought matters to a crisis. Lord Anglesey had indiscreetly and indecorously advised that the agitation should not relax. This threw the King into a state of blind fury. For three days, as the Duke of Wellington told Mr. Greville's mother, he inveighed against him, declaring that he was setting up "as King of Ireland." After so insubordinate a step, it was impossible that he could remain, and on the 30th of December he was recalled. Mr. Greville gives the following sketch of the Windsor "interior" at this time, furnished to him by one who had the best opportunities of observing: "Lord Mount Charles came to me this morning (January 12) and consulted me about resigning his seat at the Treasury. He told me that he verily believed the King would go mad on the Catholic question, his violence was so great about it. He is very angry with him and his father for voting as they do, but they have agreed never to discuss the matter at all, and his mother never talks to the King about it. Whenever he does get on it there is no stopping him. Mount Charles attributes the King's obstinacy to his recollections of his father and the Duke of York, and to the influence of the Duke of Cumberland. He says that 'his father would have laid his head on the block rather than yield, and that he is equally ready to lay his head there in the same cause.' He is furious with Lord Anglesey, but he will be very much afraid of him when he sees him. Mount Charles was in the room when Lord Anglesey took leave of the King on going to Ireland, and the King said, 'God bless you, Anglesey! I know you are a true Protestant.' Anglesey answered, 'Sir, I will not be considered either Protestant or Catholic; I go to Ireland determined to act impartially between them, and without the least bias either one way or the other.'

"He then talked to me about Knighton, whom the King abhors with a detestation that could hardly be described. He is afraid of him, and that is the reason he hates him so bitterly. When alone with him he is more civil, but when others are present (the family, for instance) he delights in saying the most mortifying and disagreeable things to him. He would give the

world to get rid of him, and to have either Taylor or Mount Charles instead, to whom he has offered the place over and over again, but Mount Charles not only would not hear of it, but often took Knighton's part with the King. He says that his language about Knighton is sometimes of the most unmeasured violence—wishes he was dead, and one day when the door was open, so that the pages could hear, he said, 'I wish to God somebody would assassinate Knighton.' In this way he always speaks of him and uses him. Knighton is greatly annoyed at it, and is very seldom there. Still it appears there is some secret chain which binds them together, and which compels the King to submit to the presence of a man whom he detests, and induces Knighton to remain in spite of so much hatred and ill-usage. The King's indolence is so great that it is next to impossible to get him to do even the most ordinary business, and Knighton is still the only man who can prevail on him to sign papers, &c. His greatest delight is to make those who have business to transact with him, or to lay papers before him, wait in his ante-room while he is lounging with Mount Charles or anybody, talking of horses or any trivial matter; and when he is told, 'Sir, there is Watson waiting,' &c., he replies, 'Damn Watson; let him wait.' He does it on purpose, and likes it.

"This account corresponds with all I have before heard, and confirms the opinion I have long had that a more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog does not exist than this King, on whom such flattery is constantly lavished. He has a sort of capricious good-nature, arising however out of no good principle or good feeling, but which is of use to him, as it cancels in a moment and at small cost a long score of misconduct."

These, however, were all hints and foreshadowings. It was not until the new year began, and the meeting with Parliament impended, that the serious difficulty had to be grappled with. The plan had to be formally opened to the King, and his consent as formally obtained—a matter of enormous difficulty, made more difficult by the hesitation that had been used. Then set in a singular struggle, in which there were really dramatic elements—the helpless, shifty, and dying monarch, contending vainly with the two resolute intellects. Lord Ellenborough kept some memoranda of the stages of the business,¹ which will be found interesting.

¹ Given in the Duke of Wellington's *Desp. Cor. Mem.* vol. v.

On the 26th of January the Duke undertook the task of belling the royal cat, and of going out to see the King to state to him the points agreed upon in the Cabinet. These were embodied in a sort of general minute, to which it was considered incumbent, for obvious reasons, that the King should sign. In this the Duke succeeded, and it will be seen later how prudent was this precaution.

Minute signed by the King on January 26, 1829.

The King has considered the representations made to him by such of the members of his Cabinet as have been generally adverse to the concession of further political power to the King's Roman Catholic subjects. It has been earnestly pressed upon the King, as a measure not merely expedient, but necessary, that the King's Cabinet should take into its immediate consideration the whole state of Ireland, and particularly with the view of preparing measures for the suppressing of the Roman Catholic Association, of altering the law respecting the elective franchise in that part of the kingdom, and of proposing such arrangements relative to the existing disabilities of the King's Roman Catholic subjects as may lead to a final settlement of that difficult question. The King, attending to the representations that have been so made to him, and the reasoning by which they have been supported, acquiesces in what has been thus strongly recommended; but without in any degree pledging himself to the approval or adoption of the measures that may be proposed as the result of the deliberations of his cabinet.

Approved,

G. R.

It will be seen that even here they had not ventured to open their whole programme—concession of “further” political power might be reduced to some small act of indulgence, and his reserved power of dissent seemed to him a certain resource. But he was drawn on step by step.

On the 28th the Duke reported that the King agreed to the words for the speech, but seems very reluctant. When the Duke said that the Catholics were to be excluded from judicial offices connected with the Church, the King said: “What, do you mean a Catholic to hold any judicial office? to be a Judge of the King's Bench?” When seats in Parliament were mentioned, he said: “Damn it, do you mean to let them into Parliament?” In the interval before settling the words of the speech, the King had contrived to start a point, and in the Council on the 2nd of February, when the speech was being read, at the paragraph, “His Majesty recommends,” &c., the King said: “The whole condition of Ireland includes the

Catholic question, and I see no reason why that part of the paragraph should not be omitted." The Duke said: "Your Majesty has Roman Catholic subjects in other parts of your dominions besides Ireland." The King acquiesced, and at the end of the speech expressed himself quite satisfied with it.

Parliament now met, and the exciting Session began. On the 5th of February the King's Speech announced to the world that it was intended "to review the laws which imposed disabilities" on the Roman Catholics.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Windsor Castle, Sunday morning,
February 8, 1829.

My dear Friend,—I return you the answer to the Address of the House of Peers, with my signature to the Address affixed to it.

I cannot have the smallest objection to your reading or referring upon the present occasion (should you find it necessary to do so) to any letter in which you may have made mention of my name in your correspondence with Lord Anglesey, for I never for a moment can entertain a doubt either of your prudence or of your caution where I am concerned.

The Council, the nomination of the Sheriffs, the Recorder's Report, and the presentation of the Duke of Northumberland (according to your desire), I shall hold myself in readiness to receive as usual here on Wednesday next, the 11th, at two o'clock p.m.

Ever your sincere friend,

G. R.

It is not difficult, however, to see that he was looking to a chance of failure, and that he was induced to yield thus much by the measures of apparent severity that were to precede it. A memorandum in his handwriting, among the Duke of Wellington's papers, supports this view: "The King in recommending, in the speech from the throne, the putting down the illegal and rebellious assemblage of his subjects in Ireland, under the name of the Catholic Association, understood it to be an *abstract* measure, and one of positive necessity, and connected with the existence of all good government. The King always supposed that this was to be followed by the repeal of the law that gave the right of voting to the forty shilling freeholders. Then, after these two measures, that it would be safe to take into consideration the question of Catholic disabilities."

Lord Eldon, while complaining of the "mysterious concealment" of the Government plan till that moment, expressed

his opinion that the best course now for the beguiled "Protestants," was to obtain the fullest statement of the details of the measure, and then "as long an interval of delay as possible for and during the discussion." No doubt his Majesty was encouraged by the arrival of that strange character, the Duke of Cumberland, who had flown from Berlin to take part in the fray—dining with the Prime Minister the night after his arrival, but presently to cause him infinite difficulties and annoyance by his intrigues. This disastrous influence was presently to be felt in new obstruction on the part of the King, in new shifts and pretences, so that the matter seemed likely to come to shipwreck.² He seems to have never relaxed an instant in his underground intrigues, and, if we can trust Mr. Greville, was one of the most odious beings that ever existed. So that we find the Duke of Wellington writing to Sir W. Knighton to say that if the "Duke of Cumberland thought he could make a Government, he had better give his advice to the King, and so end matters." He himself would seem to have been with the King on the 26th, when "a very disagreeable conversation" had taken place. For his Majesty, seriously alarmed at the way he was being drawn on, appears to have determined on resistance. "The King begged he would not speak to the Household, and seemed to intimate they were to vote against the Government.

² A good idea of this well-known personage's character may be obtained from his views on bishops, written to Lord Strangford in 1850, when he states that "the first change and shock in the ecclesiastical habits was the bishops being allowed to lay aside their wigs, their purple coats, short cassocks, and stocking, and cocked hats, when appearing in public; for I can remember when Bishop Heard of Worcester, Courtenay of Exeter, and Markham, Archbishop of York, resided in Kew and its vicinity, that, as a boy, I met them frequently walking about dressed as I now tell you, and their male servants appeared equally all dressed in purple, which was the custom. The late Bishop of Oxford (Bagot) was the first who persuaded George the Fourth to allow him to lay aside his wig, because his wife found him better looking without it. I recollect full well that the Bishop of London, who succeeded Bishop Porteous, coming to St. James's to do homage to my father, when Lord Sidmouth was Secretary of State, and he came into the closet, where I was at the time, and informed his Majesty 'that the Bishop was there, but that he had refused to introduce him as he had not a wig.' Upon which the King replied: 'You were perfectly right, my lord, and tell the Bishop from me that until he has shaven his head, and has provided himself with a wig suitable to his garb, I shall not admit him into my presence.'" The King himself complained that he had been disgusted by seeing the Bishop of London (Blomfield) "attend the committee-room in the House of Lords in a black Wellington coat, with top-boots, and coming in with a hat like a butcher or coachmaster." King Ernest entertained a perfect detestation for the Bishop of Exeter, never having forgiven him for voting for Sir Robert Peel at the Oxford election in 1829. He alluded to him generally as "that ugly vagabond, Philpotts." On Lord Truro being raised to the woolsack, he wrote: "What a scandal! what a disgrace! to have raised that blackguard, Wilde, to the Lord Chancellorship."

The King's conversation before mixed companies and his servants has been most imprudent. The King seems to have been very nervous at dinner and absent. He seems to have intended to say more to the Duke than he did; but being interrupted by the Duke, perhaps regretted he had said so much." It was settled, however, that on the following day the Duke should bring matters to a point—no doubt, by exerting his well-known mastery over the King's mind; and that night at eleven the Cabinet were relieved to learn that their chief had had entire success. The interview had lasted *five hours*. As was to be expected, the King had not only yielded, but yielded abjectly, "declaring himself more satisfied with the Bill than anything he had seen." He would even order the Duke of Cumberland to quit England. He gave up on the point of the Household. The Duke confessed to his friends that he had to use "very peremptory language to him," which made the scene very painful, so that the King was thrown into great agitation, and even spoke of abdicating. At the end he was kind and gracious, and even *kissed* his visitor on leaving!

The Duke of Cumberland, ignorant of the sentence passed on him, wrote to the Duke of Wellington, declaring that he meant to call on him, but he should certainly tell his friends all that passed. "My character must stand clear before them." He was disagreeably surprised by receiving a communication, brusque and haughty to a degree. "I assure your Royal Highness that I have nothing to talk to your Royal Highness upon respecting which I care whether it is stated to the whole world. I have no business to transact except his Majesty's, and do not care who knows it." He further sent a formal complaint to the King of the underhand proceedings of the Duke of Cumberland, who was now opening communications with Members of Parliament in the King's name, and sending circulars to the Household requiring their attendance.

In one of the debates in the House of Lords, Mr. Greville tells, there was an amusing, if not an unbecoming, spectacle. "The three royal Dukes, Clarence, Cumberland, and Sussex, got up one after another, and attacked each other (that is, Clarence and Sussex attacked Cumberland, and he them) very vehemently, and they used towards each other language that nobody else could have ventured to employ; so it was a very droll scene. The Duke of Clarence said the attacks on the Duke [of Wellington] had been *infamous*; the Duke of Cumberland took

this to himself, but when he began to answer it could not recollect the expression, which the Duke of Clarence directly supplied. 'I said "infamous."' The Duke of Sussex said that the Duke of Clarence had not intended to apply the word to the Duke of Cumberland, but if he chose to take it to himself he might. Then the Duke of Clarence said that the Duke of Cumberland had lived so long abroad that he had forgotten there was such a thing as freedom of debate."

Meanwhile, on the very day of the Duke's stormy interview with the King, Mr. Peel had been defeated at the Oxford election, which at once renewed his Majesty's hopes. He began to talk "of the people standing by him," and would not separate from his brother. Madame de Lieven, who had a vehement dislike to the Duke of Wellington, was secretly working on the Duke of Cumberland. We are not therefore surprised to find on Sunday, the 1st of March, the Chancellor with him, vainly urging him to direct the Household, as he had promised, to vote for the Bill. He was in bed, and for three hours the Minister was striving to bring him to reason. He said he would abdicate—henceforth a favourite declaration to all his visitors—he would send Lord Bexley to the House of Lords with a letter to that effect. The Chancellor returned without affecting any change, and the greatest alarm and excitement prevailed in political circles, for it was idly believed that he would be firm, and that Ministers must resign. So serious was the crisis, that the Chancellor travelled all that night to the Duke's country-seat, reaching it at three in the morning, returning to London before ten. But the Cabinet was not to be trifled with. A Council was instantly held, after which a letter was despatched to the King, reminding him of his written agreement to this programme, and requiring his renewed assent, and enclosing a copy of his signed approbation of the minute.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Windsor Castle, Tuesday, eleven o'clock a.m.

March 3, 1829.

My dear Friend,—I will answer your letter as soon as I can possibly collect my thoughts sufficiently to put them upon paper.

Ever your most sincere friend,

G. R.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

My dear Friend,—I really wish to see you, the Chancellor, and Mr. Peel, to-morrow. I shall be ready to receive you punctually at

twelve to-morrow, and all three together. I cannot tell you how much your letter, received this morning, has embarrassed me.

Ever your sincere friend,

G. R.

P.S.—Pray let the Chancellor and Mr. Peel know.

This invitation masked a new design. The three Ministers went down. The King required them to unfold the details of this measure, as regards the relief of the Catholics. They told him they must alter the oath of supremacy, in the portion regarding the Pope. This the King said he could not consent to. Five hours were passed in hopeless attempts to convince him; and at the close they were informed they must resign. He accepted their resignation, and sent, Mr. Greville says, to Lord Eldon, who thought over a plan that would include the Duke of Richmond, but soon found it was impracticable.³ On the following day the Duke received his Sovereign's submission—a humiliating transaction.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Windsor Castle, Wednesday evening, eight o'clock,

March 5, 1829.

My dear Friend,—As I find the country would be left without an Administration, I have decided to yield my opinion to *that* which is considered by the Cabinet to be for the immediate interests of the country. Under these circumstances, you have my consent to proceed as you propose with the measure. God knows what pain it costs me to write these words.

G. R.

But this would not do. The Duke answers it at midnight. There is a stern tone in the communication.

Mr. Peel will proceed with the Bill to-morrow in the full confidence and with the full understanding that your Majesty's servants have your sanction and support, and that your Majesty will go through with us.

I entreat your Majesty to give your gracious approbation to my letter of the 2nd instant, containing the minute of the Cabinet, or to inform me if my understanding of your Majesty's letter of this afternoon is not correct.⁴

The King could no longer wriggle off the hook, and wrote a complete surrender.

³ Peel's *Memoir*, vol. i. p. 343. There is no mention of Lord Eldon's share in the transaction in Mr. Twiss' biography.

⁴ The same doubt of craft and shiftiness occurred also to Mr. Peel, who considers the King's words "rather equivocal," and "reserving a veto." He suggested getting the King to write "approved" on the Duke's letter.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

Windsor Castle, Thursday morning, quarter-past seven,
from my bed, March 6, 1829.

My dear Friend,—I am awakened by the messenger with your letter, and as I know that you are much pressed for time, I send him off again immediately. You have put *the right construction upon the meaning of my letter of last evening*; but at the same time I cannot disguise from you that my feelings of distress in consequence are such as I do scarcely know how to support myself under them. G. R.

Thus there was ever the same feeble protest—"his feelings" and "God knows." The weak mind thus ever fancies that words will neutralize acts.

This may be said to have ended the contest, and the King, though he indulged himself in theatrical protests and bursts of fanatical grief, virtually gave little more trouble to his Ministers. Some strange frantic efforts, however, followed on the part of other opponents. The Duke of Cumberland prepared petitions, which were to be taken to Windsor and presented by imposing mobs. The Irish archbishops and bishops came over with addresses. There were interviews three hours in length with "Protestant" lords. The Duke contrived to keep all in check, and even went the length of challenging and "fighting" Lord Winchelsea.⁵

The King to Lord Macclesfield.

Windsor Castle, March 27.

My dear Macclesfield,—The long and sincere regard and friendship which has subsisted between us for the last seven-and-forty years, renders it unnecessary for me to make any comment upon the present occasion. The state of your health at this moment, precluding (as I understand) all idea of personal audience without considerable inconvenience and risk, I will acquaint you wherever it may best suit me to receive you.

Yours, &c.,

G. R.

The King to the Duke of Wellington.

April 1, 1829, half-past three p.m.

My dear Friend,—I have not the smallest objection to your giving the necessary directions for every accommodation to be made in the House of Lords that can be effected for the convenience of the peers.

Your sincere friend,

G. R.

⁵ See Dr. Hame's dramatic account in the Duke of Wellington's *Desp. Cor. and Mem.* vol.

It is painful to find that his Ministers, till the matter was actually settled, declined to trust the King. The Duke of Wellington told the Cabinet that from his suspicions "they ought to keep Supply in hand." The Duke, in introducing the Bills, told the House in pointed language that "they had the sanction and approbation of his Majesty," though the old Eldon tried to argue that "he was pledged to nothing." So skilfully did they deal with him, that he saw that further struggling was hopeless, and when the Duke of Cumberland came down to urge him to new efforts, he was reported to have said: "My dear Ernest, do not talk to me any more about it. I am committed, and must go through with it."

On the 10th of April the Bills were finally passed. The old Protestant peers, however, had some faint hopes from their various interviews with his Majesty, in which he expressed his feelings warmly, that even yet he would interfere. Lord Eldon's description of two of these consolatory interviews is truly characteristic. They were of course of many hours each. It will be seen what an uncandid account the King gives of his share in the transaction, while not a little amusement will be caused by the naively expressed surprise of Lord Eldon at the signed documents which so completely destroyed the case of his royal master. He complained "that at the time the Administration was formed, no reason was given him to suppose that any measures for the relief of the Roman Catholics were intended or thought of by Ministers: that he had frequently himself suggested the absolute necessity of putting down the Roman Catholic Association—of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act to destroy the power of the most seditious and rebellious proceedings, of the members of it, and particularly at the time that Lawless made his march:—that instead of following what he had so strongly recommended, after some time, not a very long time before the present Session, he was applied to to allow his Ministers to propose to him, as a united Cabinet, the opening the Parliament by sending such a message as his speech contained:—that, after much struggling against it, and after the measure had been strongly pressed upon him as of absolute necessity, he had consented that the Protestant members of his Cabinet, if they could so persuade themselves to act, might join in such a representation to him, but that he would not then, nor in his recommendation to Parliament, pledge himself to anything. He repeatedly mentioned that he represented to his

Ministers the infinite pain it gave him to consent even so far as that. . . .

"He complained that he had never seen the Bills—that the condition of Ireland had not been taken into consideration—that the Association Bill had been passed through both Houses before he had seen it—that it was a very inefficient measure compared to those which he had in vain, himself, recommended—that the other proposed measures gave him the greatest possible pain and uneasiness—that he was in the state of a person with a pistol presented to his breast—that he had nothing to fall back upon—that his Ministers had threatened (I think he said twice, at the time of my seeing him) to resign, if the measures were not proceeded in, and that he had said to them, 'Go on,' when he knew not how to relieve himself from the state in which he was placed:—and that in one of those meetings, when resignation was threatened, he was urged to the sort of consent he gave, by what passed in the interview between him and his Ministers, till the interview and the talk had brought him into such a state, that he hardly knew what he was about when he, after several hours, said 'Go on.' He then repeatedly expressed himself as in a state of the greatest misery, repeatedly saying, 'What can I do? I have nothing to fall back upon:' and musing for some time, and then again repeating the same expression. . . .

"In this day's audience his Majesty did not show me many papers that he showed me in the second. I collected, from what passed in the second, that his consent to go on was in writings then shown to me. After a great deal of time spent (still in the first interview), in which his Majesty was sometimes silent—apparently uneasy—occasionally stating his distress—the hard usage he had received—his wish to extricate himself—that he had not what to look to—what to fall back upon—that he was miserable beyond what he could express;—I asked him whether his Majesty, so frequently thus expressing himself, meant either to enjoin me, or to forbid me, considering or trying whether anything could be found or arranged, upon which he *could* fall back. He said, 'I neither enjoin you to do so, nor forbid you to do so; but, for God's sake, take care that I am not exposed to the humiliation of being again placed in such circumstances, that I must submit again to pray of my present Ministers that they will remain with me.' He appeared to me to be exceedingly miserable, and intimated that he would see me again.

"I was not sent for afterwards, but went on Thursday, the 9th of April, with more addresses. In the second interview, which began a little before two o'clock, the King repeatedly, and with some minutes interposed between his such repeated declarations, musing in silence in the interim, expressed his anguish, and pain, and misery, that the measure had ever been thought of, and as often declared that he had been most harshly and cruelly treated—that he had been treated as a man, whose consent had been asked with a pistol pointed to his breast, or as obliged, if he did not give it, to leap down from a five pair of stairs window—what could he do? What had he to fall back upon? . . .

"I told him that his late Majesty, when he did not mean that a measure proposed to him should pass, expressed his determination in the most early stage of the business;—if it seemed to himself necessary to dissent, he asked no advice about dismissing his Ministers: he made that his own act—he trusted to what he had to hope for from his subjects, who,—when he had placed himself in such circumstances, and protected them from the violence of party, if party, meaning to be violent, should get uppermost,—could not leave him unsupported—that, on the other hand, there could not but be great difficulties in finding persons willing to embark in office, when matters had proceeded to the extent to which the present measures had been carried,—as was supposed, and had been *represented, after full explanation of them to his Majesty*,—and he had so far assented.

"This led to his mentioning again what he had to say as to his assent. In the former interview it had been represented that, after much conversation *twice* with his Ministers, or such as had come down, he had said, 'Go on;' and upon the latter of *those two* occasions, after many hours' fatigue, and exhausted by the fatigue of conversation, he had said, 'Go on.' He now produced *two papers*, which he represented as copies of what he had written to them, *in which he assents to their proceeding and going on with the Bill*, adding certainly in each, as he read them, very strong expressions of the pain and misery the proceedings gave him. It struck me at the time that I should, if I had been in office, have felt considerable difficulty about going on after reading such expressions; but whatever might be fair observation as to giving, or not, effect to those expressions, *I told his Majesty it was impossible to maintain that his assent had not been expressed*, or to cure the evils which were consequential,—after

the Bill, in such circumstances, had been read a second time, and in the Lords' House with a majority of a hundred and five. This led him to much conversation upon that fact, that he had, he said, been deserted by an aristocracy that had supported his father—that, instead of forty-five against the measure, there were twice that number of peers for it—that everything was revolutionary—everything was tending to revolution—and the peers and the aristocracy were giving way to it. They (he said more than once or twice more) supported his father; but see what they had done to *him*.

"He then began to talk about the coronation oath. On that I could only repeat what I had before said, if his Majesty meant me to say anything upon the subject. Understanding that he did so wish, I repeated that, as far as his oath was concerned, it was matter between him, God, and his conscience, whether giving his Royal Assent to this measure was 'supporting, to the utmost of his power, the Protestant reformed religion.'

"Little more passed—except occasional bursts of expression, —'What can I do? What can I now fall back upon? What can I fall back upon? I am miserable, wretched, my situation is dreadful; nobody about me to advise with. If I do give my assent, I'll go to the baths abroad, and from thence to Hanover: I'll return no more to England—I'll make no Roman Catholic peers—I will not do what this Bill will enable me to do—I'll return no more—let them get a Catholic King in Clarence.' I think he also mentioned Sussex. 'The people will see that I did not wish this.'

"There were the strongest appearances certainly of misery. He, more than once, stopped my leaving him. When the time came that I was to go, he threw his arms round my neck and expressed great misery. I left him about twenty minutes or a quarter before five."

Not less amusing was his reception of the Irish bishops, "which," says Archbishop Magee, "was warm, affecting, and cordial. He declared the strongest attachment to Protestant principles, expressed his astonishment at the suddenness of the change that had taken place on the subject of the Roman Catholic demands, spoke of the deep sufferings he had endured and was enduring upon the subject, lamented the dearth of talent that was at present manifested among public men, reckoned over some members of the Lords on whom he could place full dependence (among whom were Lords Eldon, Redes-

dale, Manners, and your lordship), but having done that, he professed himself totally incapable of naming any of the Commons. One star, indeed, he said, had lately arisen (I understood him to mean Sadler), but the dearth was still lamentable. He assured us of the warm interest he felt in our behalf; and having spoken in this strain (*not, however, committing himself as to any line he intended to take*) for about half an hour, he dismissed us in a manner the most cordial."

To others he declared that the Duke of Wellington was now King of England, O'Connell King of Ireland, and he himself no more than Dean of Windsor. To Lord Skelmersdale, who came with an address, he said: "'Put it down, take a chair, and let us have a talk.' He then complained of his situation: that he had no knowledge of what was intended until the speech for the opening of Parliament was discussed in his presence; that he had no resource; that no other Administration could be formed. And he added that, 'as he was recommended to go to some German baths for his legs, then they might take his brother William (the Duke of Clarence), who would make them a good Roman Catholic King. And then they would only have to send for Dr. Murray and Dr. Doyle to educate the Princess Victoria,' &c." This was a melancholy, pitiful display, and it was no wonder that Lord Sidmouth and the other Protestant leaders, when they came to compare notes of his professions with his acts, could recount instances of his "dupery," as they called it.

A few days afterwards, the veteran peer, Eldon, who had been to a certain extent imposed upon by this grief, writes to his daughter: "The fatal Bills received the Royal Assent. After all I had heard *in my visits, not a day's delay!* God bless us and His Church!" The Duke himself sent down the Bill with the other papers, as if it was an ordinary transaction. He did not go himself, in order to avoid any discussion or distressing scene.

The King to the Lord Chancellor.

Windsor Castle, Monday morning, ten o'clock,
April 13, 1829.

The King returns the Lord Chancellor the Bills which he has forwarded for the King's signature, which are now completed. As the Chancellor has (very properly) conceived it to be his duty to call the King's attention particularly to the two Bills relative to the Roman Catholics, the King cannot refrain from repeating to the Lord Chan-

cellor his unaltered sentiments and feelings with respect to them, and observing that the King never *before* affixed his name with pain or regret to any Act of the Legislature.

This event naturally embroiled the Duke with the Duke of Cumberland. How indifferent the former was, and what his opinion was of the King's brother, is set down in a pleasant conversation the Duke of Wellington held with Mr. Greville at this time. It offers to us a good appreciation of the King's character. "'I make it a rule never to interrupt him,' said the Duke, 'and when in this way he tries to get rid of a subject in the way of business which he does not like, I let him talk himself out, and then quietly put before him the matter in question, so that he cannot escape from it. I remember when the Duke of Newcastle was going to Windsor with a mob at his heels to present a petition (during the late discussions), I went down to him and showed him the petition, and told him that they ought to be prevented from coming. He went off and talked upon every subject but that which I had come about, for an hour and a half. I let him go on till he was tired, and then I said, "But the petition, sir; here it is, and an answer must be sent. I had better write to the Duke of Newcastle and tell him your Majesty will receive it through the Secretary of State; and, if you please, I will write the letter before I leave the house." This I did, finished my business in five minutes, and went away with the letter in my pocket. I know him so well that I can deal with him easily, but anybody who does not know him, and who is afraid of him, would have the greatest difficulty in getting on with him. One extraordinary peculiarity about him is, that the only thing he fears is ridicule. He is afraid of nothing which is hazardous, perilous, or uncertain; on the contrary, he is all for braving difficulties; but he dreads ridicule, and this is the reason why the Duke of Cumberland, whose sarcasms he dreads, has such power over him, and Lord Anglesey likewise; both of them he hates in proportion as he fears them.' I said I was very much surprised to hear this, as neither of these men were wits, or likely to make him ridiculous; that if he had been afraid of Sefton or Alvanley, it could have been understood. 'But,' rejoined the Duke, 'he never sees these men, and he does not mind anybody he does not see; but the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Anglesey he cannot avoid seeing, and the fear he has of what they may say to him, as well as of him, keeps him in awe of them. No man, however,

knows the Duke of Cumberland better than he does; indeed, all I know of the Duke of Cumberland I know from him, and so I told him one day. I remember asking him why the Duke of Cumberland was so unpopular, and he said, "Because there never was a father well with his son, or husband with his wife, or lover with his mistress, or a friend with his friend, that he did not try to make mischief between them." And yet he suffers this man to have constant access to him, to say what he will to him, and often acts under his influence.' I said, 'You and the Duke of Cumberland speak now, don't you?' 'Yes, we speak. The King spoke to me about it, and wanted me to make him an apology. I told him it was quite impossible. "Why," said he, "you did not mean to offend the Duke of Cumberland, I am sure." "No, sir," said I; "I did not wish to offend him, but I did not say a word that I did not mean. When we meet the Royal Family in society, they are our superiors, and we owe them all respect, and I should readily apologize for anything I might have said offensive to the Duke; but in the House of Lords we are their peers, and for what I say there I am responsible to the House alone." "But," said the King, "he said you turned on him as if you meant to address yourself to him personally." "I did mean it, sir," said I, "and I did so because I knew that he had been here, that he heard things from your Majesty which he had gone and misrepresented and misstated in other quarters, and knowing that, I meant to show him that I was aware of it. I am sorry that the Duke is offended, but I cannot help it, and I cannot make him an apology."'"

The Duke was so afraid that the King would twist what he had said into an apology, and report it to his brother, that he took care to warn him, on going away. "Now, sir, remember that I will not apologize to the Duke; and I hope your Majesty will therefore not convey any such an idea to his mind." A strange tone—but justified—to take to his Sovereign.

At the Levee, however, his Majesty could show his feelings without restraint, receiving, to the delight of Lord Eldon, all his opponents with studied discourtesy—notably the pro-Catholic prelates—while on Mr. O'Connell he turned his back, in as offensive a manner as he could, muttering to his neighbour—"Damn the fellow; what does he come here for!"

It would take long to enumerate the vagaries that marked the few closing months of the King's life. The Palace, or

"Royal Lodge," was the centre of intrigue, and the ailing King, worked on by humours of mind and body, led himself and others a troubled life, marked by recantations. He seemed not to know the art of yielding on unimportant matters, and on almost every issue had to recede. The doctors who attended him were liable to be displaced by intrigues. Sir H. Holland and Brodie were now in charge; but the Irish Dr. O'Reilly, with the gifts of telling good stories and collecting gossip, was insinuating himself into the favour of the King.⁶

The irritation in the bladder continued, and could only be allayed by profuse doses of opium, the pains returning when the effect of the opium had passed away. This did not seem judicious treatment.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

⁶ Mr. Greville condescended to closely question Batchelor, the King's valet, in several interviews, as to the private Household details and scandal, and received much information of the kind he desired. What a valet's report and a valet's judgment are, and what he sees, has been well characterized by Mr. Carlyle. He says: "I sent for Batchelor and had a long talk with him. He said the King was well but weak, his constitution very strong, no malady about him, but irritation in the bladder which he could not get rid of. He thinks the hot rooms and want of air and exercise do him harm, and that he is getting every day more averse to exercise and more prone to retirement, which, besides that it weakens his constitution, is a proof that he is beginning to break. Batchelor thinks he is in no sort of danger; I think he will not live more than two years. He says that his attendants are quite worn out with being always about him, and living in such hot rooms (which obliges them to drink) and seldom getting air and exercise. B. is at present well, but he sits up every other night with the King and never leaves him. He is in high favour, and Sir William Knighton is now as civil and obliging to him as he used to be the reverse. The King instructs him in his duties in the kindest manner, likes to have him about him, and talks a great deal to him. But his Majesty keeps everybody at a great distance from him, and all about him are afraid of him, though he talks to his pages with more openness and familiarity than to anybody. He thinks Radford (who is dying) is not in such favour as he was, though he is always there; of O'Reilly, the surgeon, who sees the King every day and carries him all the gossip he can pick up, Batchelor speaks with very little ceremony. The King told them the other day that 'O'R. was the damnedest liar in the world,' and it seems he is often in the habit of discussing people in this way to his *valets de chambre*. He reads a great deal, and every morning has his boxes brought to him, and reads their contents. They are brought up by Knighton or Watson, both of whom have keys of all his boxes. He says there is not one person about him whom he likes—Mount Charles pretty well, Taylor better than anybody, Knighton constantly there, and his influence is unbounded; he thinks K. can do anything."

Creator and Creature.

PART THE SECOND.—THE DOMINION OF THE CREATOR.

ONE of the ways of mentioning God's name which has come to carry with it, oftentimes, more or less of irreverence—which often is looked upon almost as a piece of "slang"—is to call Him *the Lord*. A similar perversion is found, not unfrequently, in the application of the term "Governor" to one in authority amongst men. So it is *de facto*; but *de jure* how very far this ought to be from being the case as regards the title of God's Lordship, is the theme with which the present paper has to deal. And this declaration no doubt will be enough to make some close the leaves in disgust, while thoughts like these pass through the mind: "Oh, something pious is coming, and that is a kind of discourse I can just tolerate in sermons, no little thanks to my particular method of sitting through sermons; hardly anywhere else do I extend my toleration, except it be that I allow pious books to be provided for the few whose weakness may lie that way. But in books not professedly pious, to intrude piety is intolerable. It is like a dentist coming in the guise of a visitor, and then wanting to ply his odious profession on the guests all round." Such sentiments are common, easily accountable for, and upon the account given convicted—well, not of wisdom. As a matter of highest intellectual interest, and still more of highest moral concern, the question of God's dominion claims attentive consideration. More the pity if some tastes are better gratified in estimating the dominion of the Grand Turk over his slaves, or of the novelist's heroine over hers.

Not because of their manner, then, but because of their matter, the following pages appeal for a perusal, in the face of the repugnance some may feel to enter upon what they call an over-serious subject. The topic is one among many, in which the only way to take an interest is first to make one—a process, however, which is not so difficult, where there is a good will.

Not much aid can be got from the attempt at popularization; for grave theological questions hardly admit of popularization, nor is it desirable that they should. They are meant to exact serious work, and they certainly do exact it.

It is often said of an artist that, however powerful, he has to work under the limitations of his materials. He may have the repute of having a great mastery over them, but he is far from being unrestrictedly master. What is thus true in the region of non-living matter shows itself still more in the range of man's power over living organisms. Scientific gardening has wrought wonders in changing the products of vegetation; but what it can do in this department is as nothing to what it cannot. Artificial breeding or training must make the like acknowledgment with regard to the animal kingdom, even when a liberal allowance has been made for what experimenters forbear to attempt from unwillingness to be cruel. No doubt the last motive somewhat checks such things as the grafting processes, which seem to promise curious, if not useful, results. The conclusion of all which is, that man is not complete master over those portions of nature which, in general terms, are said, correctly enough, to be under him. They are under him, but not wholly so. If, then, man is not absolute lord, who is? or is there any absolute Lord, Whose action is subject to no necessity other than the intrinsic exigences of His own all-perfect essence? Scripture tells us that there is a Being, Who wields this boundless dominion; and texts bearing on this point unite to form the second head of consideration in a study of the relationship of creature to Creator, with a view to measuring the Creator's rights over the work of His own hands.

II. In the first place, Scripture represents God to us as Lord over the course of nature. Not that He refuses to allow second causes, for the most part, to work out their own results; but He can interfere whenever and however He likes; whilst even the ordinary sequence of events has Himself for first cause, has always His sanction or permission, and never escapes the range of His general providence.

Perhaps we shall best ascend to the high idea of lordship over the universe, if we use as stepping-stones some earthly examples. Men are impressed when, looking down from an eminence on a large tract of country, they are told that all belongs to a great proprietor, whose name the speaker breathes with awe. Similar is the effect in a railway carriage, as it

hurries along mile after mile, and still the informant of the company has the same answer to give to the question, Whose estate is this? There is a sort of magic about the ownership of land. Landlord is the title it confers; and, certain local disturbances of the day notwithstanding, the title is a proud one. If any body of men, as a religious order, is disliked in a country, it galls the people if it shows itself to be possessed of much land.

Another object of the world's admiration is the man who recounts his power over nature's forces, or still better who displays that power before enraptured spectators in the lecture-room. See, they say, he is master, and the material elements have to obey. He grapples with the subtlest, the strongest, the most dreaded of physical forces; he bends them to his will; they escape, and he catches them again; they vanish out of one form, he detects them in another, and brings them back to their old shape. But most glorious of all is the surgeon, daring so much with the human frame, and not destroying but saving it; or the physician, wrestling with disease, or even with imminent death, and coming out of the conflict victorious. These are the heroes men worship because of the power they exhibit. Even for the power that unjustly but mightily coerces them men feel some sort of reverence: so universal is this regard for it, in all its striking manifestations.

Now if, with the above analogies before him, with these aids to assist a failing comprehension, any one will try to gauge the dominion of Him, Who not only owns all lands, but Who made all lands; Who not only can guide nature's forces to results far more magnificent than are to be seen at the Royal Institute, but Who gave those forces their efficiency and their laws; Who not only can rival surgeon and physician, but Who can simply put them to scorn: he who will so contemplate things will be able to see the meaning of Scripture language on the subject, while another quite loses the whole significance, because he reads full only of his own superiority over writers whom he terms "barbarous Hebrews," and for whom the best that he will say is, that they were not so despicable considering the age in which they lived.

The Scriptures tell us of a God, "Who alone spreadeth out the heavens and walketh upon the ways of the sea. Who doth great things, and incomprehensible, and wonderful, of which there is no number."¹ And precisely by the title of Creator

¹ Job ix.

God lords it over the earth, somewhat as, if the comparison be not too ridiculous, a man says of an article in his possession, "I made it, and I have a right to use it at my will." "My hand," says God, "hath founded the earth, and My right hand hath measured the heavens: I shall call them, and they shall stand together."² Thus God speaks of Himself, and correspondingly his servants make answer: "O Adonai, Lord, great art Thou and glorious in Thy power. Let all creatures serve Thee, because Thou hast spoken and they were made, Thou didst send forth Thy Spirit and they were created. The mountains shall be moved from their foundations with the waters; the rocks shall melt as wax before Thy face."³ "O Lord, Lord, Almighty King, for all things are in Thy power. Thou hast made heaven and earth, and all things that are under the cope of heaven. Thou art Lord of all, and there is none that can resist Thy Majesty."⁴ As to figurative expressions about the rocks, the waters, or the skies, they are not to be understood so as to make Scripture simply absurd. No moderately competent reader will be what Cicero calls *tam plumbeus*—"so leaden-witted"—as to take imagery for literal description; as though almighty power amused itself with playing a perpetual game of nine-pins among the world's strongest erections, throwing them down and putting them up again in sheer wantonness of strength. Always a highly poetical language may be turned to ridicule by the ridiculous. Scripture is quite willing to allow that, in the ordinary course of things, geological agencies and cosmic forces settle the configuration of our globe. The providence of God over the events of nature consists, not in perpetual miracle, which would cease to be miracle in the strict sense, but in choosing that order of natural sequences which suited a wise purpose. The Divine foresight, extending through all times, and "reaching from end to end mightily," can never be taken unawares by the action of secondary causes. And thus nature has her play, while it is the Lord that "has done whatsoever He will in heaven and on earth, in the sea and in all abysses."⁵

Hitherto God's dominion over the lower creatures has been the chief point of consideration. But He is likewise Lord, not only over men, but over those whom men call lords. All human authority is from Him, and its bearers are His subjects.

² Isaiah xlvi. 13.

³ Judith xvi. 16—18.

⁴ Esther xiii. 9.

⁵ Psalm cxxxiv. 6.

He is "King of kings and Lord of lords;"⁶ "the Blessed and only Mighty, King of kings and Lord of lords, Who only hath immortality [by essential right], . . . to Whom be honour and empire everlasting. Amen."⁷ By Him "kings reign and law-givers decree just things;" by Him "princes rule and the mighty decree justice."⁸ From Him kings are to accept admonition and be submissive: "Now, ye kings, understand; receive instruction, ye that judge the earth. Serve ye the Lord with fear, and rejoice unto Him with trembling. Embrace discipline, lest at any time the Lord be angry and you perish from the face of the earth."⁹ Nor can God's claim to be King over kings be disallowed now-a-days, because a large number of the men who, *per fas et nefas*, have got into their own hands the ruling of European nations, set the claim at nought, as well theoretically as practically. The insubordination will meet its punishment here or hereafter; and the fear is that, at the Day of Judgment, Cicero's words, meant specially in commendation of statesmen, will be sadly belied: *Sic habeto, omnibus qui patriam conservarint, adjuverint, auxerint, certum esse in cælo ac definitum locum, ubi beato ævo sempiterno fruantur.*

But not only is God Lord of all earthly lords; Him the angelic principalities have likewise to adore.¹⁰ Moreover, He is God above all whom men have falsely called gods, even taking these deities on the pretensions of their own supporters. To be Lord over the human heart, so as to read all its inmost secrets by just title of dominion, that is a test of true Divinity, such as one only has been able to challenge. For pagan deities only a partial claim was put forth, or none at all. "Thou only knowest the heart of all the children of men."¹¹ "The Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the thoughts of men."¹² "The heart is perverse above all things, and unsearchable; who can know it? I am the Lord Who search the heart and prove the reins."¹³ "The word of the Lord is living and effectual, and more piercing than any two-edged sword; and reaching unto the division of the soul and the spirit, of the joints also and the marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."¹⁴ Here, then, is revealed a wonderful instance of the Divine supremacy. So thoroughly

⁶ Apoc. xvii. 14.⁷ 1 Tim. vi. 15, 16.⁸ Prov. viii. 15, 16.⁹ Psalm ii. 10-13.¹⁰ Heb. i.; Daniel iii.; Daniel vii. 9; &c.¹¹ 3 Kings viii. 39; 2 Paral. vi. 30.¹² 1 Paral. xxviii. 9.¹³ Jerem. xvii. 9, 10.¹⁴ Heb. iv. 12.

is God Lord over all, that He has a right to judge each passing thought and affection. This prerogative He has communicated to no creature whatever. No finite intelligence has natural insight into the workings of another intelligence, except so far as outward manifestations make known what goes on within. The angels, good or bad, cannot directly read souls; though God can easily provide means whereby they shall see what He wants them to see. A secret movement of prayer to the holy Guardian Spirits will not be lost to their view. Still these exceptional cases in nowise take away that wonderful privacy of intercourse that exists between the soul alone and God alone. God only has full supervision over the inmost workings of hearts, because He only can be full master over a moral agent as such. Under certain conditions of society, man may validly hold his fellow-man as slave for life; but even this extremest form of dominion must leave the moral agent, as such, his freedom. The services, not the servant, belong to the earthly master. No creature, however exalted, can be the proximate end of the least of God's responsible creatures, in the way that man is the proximate end of the brute beast. The subject was not made for the King, nor the child for the parent, nor the servant for the master. All were made for God alone.

Another prerogative, proper to God only, is that of prophecy strictly so called, and reaching even to far-future determinations of free will. In the latter case the power shines forth most prominently; but its presence may be certainly detected even in those cases where natural data contain, indeed, the conclusion, but where natural penetration either cannot collect these data, or cannot follow them out to their issue when collected. Perfect foreknowledge is necessary to the full dominion over the universe. It would be an utter collapse of Christian ideas about Divine government, if it came to be discovered that God had to wait for the event before He knew it, or had to calculate it from probable grounds, or conjecture it from long experience of men and things, or leave it to the hap-hazard of a guess. The foreknowledge which travels, not by argument, but goes direct to the event while yet it is only prospective, as is especially the case with regard to future acts of free choice, is the certain proof of Divinity. It is from their inability to prophesy that Isaias convicts the heathen gods of imposture, when he hurls them this challenge in the name of the true God: "Bring your cause near, saith the Lord: bring hither if you

have anything to allege, saith the King of Jacob. Let them tell us all things that are to come. . . . Show the things that are to happen hereafter, and we shall know that ye are gods. Behold ye are of nothing, and your work of that which hath no being. I have raised up one from the north, and he shall come from the rising of the sun; he shall call upon My name, and he shall make princes to be as dirt and as the potter treading clay. Who hath declared from the beginning that we may know, and from time of old that we may say: Thou art just."¹⁵ "Thus saith the Lord the King of Israel, and His Redeemer the Lord of hosts: I am the first, and I am the last, and besides Me there is no God. Who is like to Me? Let him call and declare; and let him set before Me the order, since I appointed the ancient people; and the things to come, which shall be hereafter, let them declare."¹⁶ "Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer and thy Maker from the womb: I am the Lord that make all things, that alone stretch out the heavens, that establish the earth, and there is none with Me; that make void the tokens of diviners and make the soothsayers mad, that turn the wise backwards and that make their knowledge foolish, that raise up the word of My servant and perform the counsel of My messengers."¹⁷ "The former things of old I have declared, and they went forth out of My mouth, and I have made them to be heard; I did them suddenly and they came to pass. For I knew that thou art stubborn, and thy neck is an iron sinew, and thy forehead of brass. I foretold thee of old; before they came to pass I told thee, lest thou shouldst say: My idols have done these things, and my graven and molten things have commanded them."¹⁸ It is to the prophetic power that Christ more than once expressly appeals in proof that he is God. "I have told you before it came to pass, that when it shall come to pass, you may believe that I am He."¹⁹ Well, then, may we ask with St. Hilary, "What is special to God, if it be not the knowledge of futurity?" Hence by this token would God guarantee the Christian religion. For let destructive criticism dare what it may, and let scepticism go as far as the show of any decency will permit, and let difficulties in detail be allowed all the weight that one holding a brief against revelation can claim for them; still the broad fact stands unshakeably fast, that Christianity has had prophecy as

¹⁵ Isaiah xli. 21—26.¹⁶ Isaiah xliii. 6, 7.¹⁷ Isaiah xliii. 24—27.¹⁸ Isaiah xlviii. 3—6.¹⁹ John xiii. 19; xiv. 29.

its witness, and prophecy in the strict sense of the word. Any one who will say that there is another sequence of religious history, substantially like to the continuation of the Old Law into the New, utters a proposition that is not only questionable, but absolutely monstrous.

And so we have before us one more characteristic of the dominion exercised by the God of Scripture. He needs no informers scattered over the provinces of His empire; He has not to stoop to the employment of spies; He is not left to anxious conjecture as to what popular indications mean. The whole course of events, past, present, and future, lie open to His immediate gaze. "Blessed be the name of God, from eternity and for evermore: for wisdom and fortitude are His. And He changeth times and ages, taketh away kingdoms and establishes them, giveth wisdom to the wise and knowledge to them that have understanding. He revealeth deep and hidden things, and knoweth what is in darkness, and light is with Him. The secret that the King desireth to know, none of the wise men, or the philosophers, or the diviners, or the soothsayers, can declare to the King. But there is a God in Heaven that revealeth mysteries. . . . And the King spoke to Daniel and said, Verily your God is the God of gods and Lord of kings, a revealer of hidden matters."²⁰

Answering to the dominion of the Creator is the servitude, in no sense ignominious, of creatures. First of all the stars serve God. And special mention is made of the stars, because the bright heavenly bodies were at all times attractive objects for idolatrous worship. Christianity has nothing to fear from the theme on which the science of language has so much to say; how primitive Aryan and Semitic names for the Deity, in their radical sense, mean "the Bright," "the Shining;" and how words even in the ill-defined Turanian family seem to tell the same tale. Man's speech about things spiritual must be taken from the nearest analogies he can find in things material. And idolatry being a natural corruption of the race, what more probable than that the people should worship the symbol for the Being symbolized. The Hebrews had one nature with the rest of mankind, and their strong temptation was to fall into Star-worship or Sabæism. The rationalists who would account for the earliest monotheism of the Hebrew race by a "Semitic instinct," are merely having recourse to the vulgar trick of

²⁰ Daniel ii.

saving a theory by inventing a fact. The Semitic instincts were ever, in their perverse tendencies, urging the Jews towards idolatry. Idolatry was one of their crying sins, the matter of God's bitterest reproaches, the object of His severest punishments. The Hebrews were firmly persuaded that they suffered grievously for the faithless way in which they allowed themselves to go after false gods, in the company, or in imitation, of the Gentiles living around them; yet in spite of repeated correction, they yielded to the attractions of a worship which appealed more directly to the sensuous part of nature. Therefore Scripture is full of warnings, and sets forth especially how the stars, far from being independent deities, are only ministrants to the one Deity, and to His intelligent creatures. "Keep thy soul carefully, lest perhaps lifting up thy soul to heaven, thou see the sun and moon and all the stars, and being deceived by error thou adore them, which the Lord God created."²¹ The stars did homage to their Lord from the very beginning: "The morning stars praised Me together, and all the sons of God made a joyful melody." The heavenly bodies are obedient as an army to its leader: "Lift up your eyes above and see Who hath created these things, Who bringeth out the host by number, and calleth all by their names:"²² by the greatness of His might and strength and power, not one of them was missing."²³ "I made the earth and I created man upon it; My hand stretched forth the heaven, and I have commanded all their host."²⁴ So effective is the word of command given to the heavenly hosts, that it is taken as a term of comparison for the surety of the promise to the people of Israel. "Thus saith the Lord: If I have not set My covenant between day and night, and laws to the earth; surely I will cast off the seed of Jacob."²⁵

Not only the stars, but all other creatures have their subjection to God represented under the type of that strictest of disciplines, an army in relation to its commander. Universally God is "Lord of hosts:" and if from this idea and its developments some one has taken scandal, and uttered complainingly

²¹ Deut. iv. 15—20.

²² To give a name is a sign of dominion. So Adam named at least the chief of the brute beasts that were for his service. Among Eastern races the conqueror imposed a name on his captive.

²³ Isaiah xl. 26.

²⁴ Isaiah xlv. 12.

²⁵ Jerem. xxxiii. 25, 26.

the words "martinet" and "drill-sergeant," he has only his own misunderstanding to blame for his grievance. There is great majesty in the language of Scripture for those who will put themselves in the right position to see it; but there is also possible occasion for contempt to those whose quest is something to ridicule. In different ways therefore will different minds comment on passages like these: "I saw the Lord sitting upon His throne, and all the army of Heaven standing by Him, on the right hand and on the left."²⁶ "Thou Thyself, O Lord, alone hast made Heaven, and the Heaven of Heavens, and all the host thereof; the earth and all things that are in it; the seas and all that are therein; and Thou givest life to all these things, and the host of Heaven adoreth Thee."²⁷ "The Lord hath prepared His throne in Heaven, and His Kingdom shall rule over all. Bless the Lord, all ye His angels, you that are mighty in strength and execute His word, hearkening to the voice of His orders. Bless the Lord, all ye His hosts, you ministers of His that do His will. Bless the Lord, all His works; in every place of His dominion, O my soul, bless thou the Lord."²⁸ "Thou hast founded the earth, and it continueth; by Thy ordinance the day goeth on, for all things serve Thee."²⁹ The difficulty is, not to find such texts, but to make a selection of them. However, those already cited abundantly suffice; and they shall not be added to beyond the quotation of the strong words in which the submission of the Israelite people to their Lord is enjoined. "These are the precepts, and ceremonies, and judgments, which the Lord your God commanded that I should teach you. . . . That thou mayest fear the Lord thy God and keep all His commandments and precepts, which I command thee and thy sons, and thy grandsons, all the days of thy life. Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is God. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, and with thy whole strength. And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart. And thou shalt tell them to thy children; and thou shalt meditate upon them sitting in thy house, and walking on thy journey, sleeping and waking. And thou shalt bind them as a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be and shall move between thy eyes. And thou shalt write them on the entry and on the doors of thy house. . . . Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God and shalt serve Him only,

²⁶ 3 Kings xxii. 19; 2 Paral. xviii. 18.

²⁷ 2 Esdras ix. 6.

²⁸ Psalm cii. 19—22.

²⁹ Psalm cviii. 90, 91.

and thou shalt swear by His name. You shall not go after the strange gods of all the nations that are round about you. Because the Lord thy God is a jealous God in the midst of thee. . . . Keep the precepts of the Lord thy God, and the testimonies and ceremonies which He hath commanded thee. And do what is pleasing to God in the sight of the Lord, that it may be well with thee."³⁰

Here certainly is a claim to lordship, which is either wildly extravagant, or else significative of a dominion to which earth has no parallel. It may be said that the Scripture language is such a mixture of literal speech and of metaphorical, of exact statement and of hyperbole, that it seems arbitrary how much of its utterances we take for what they are, and how much for something else. True it is that even an intelligent man, reading Scripture for himself, without any help whatever from without, would often be sorely perplexed. But, then, neither for Jew nor for Christian was the Sacred Text ever meant to hold the place of sole instructor. A tradition and a living commentary are the essential keys to open the full significance. "The Jewish nation," says Döllinger, "moved in a circle of religious ideas which had found only a partial expression in their sacred writings. Little, in fact, was taught in these books, and that only by descriptions of facts, or representations of events. The Thora, the principal source, contained no directly instructive element, except its historical and legal contents. The other books and collections contained as little direct teaching and definite dogma, if we except, perhaps, the Book of Wisdom: they imply and make allusion to doctrine in various places, but convey no teaching proper. Now, from the days of their forefathers the Jews had a body of oral tradition, which in early ages undoubtedly consisted of but a few simple fundamental maxims; yet even these included certain points not taught in the Pentateuch, but which in part were either entirely passed over, we might almost believe on purpose—for instance, the state after death—or were partly taken for granted. This tradition was not a dead deposit in the hands of a spiritually stagnant people, but, on the contrary, it possessed strength and inclination to develope itself and grow organically. It had a lively action, and was reacted on by the religious state of the nation." Perhaps some incidental expressions in this extract might be somewhat modified with a view to greater safety; but

³⁰ Deut. vi.

substantially its testimony is true. Nor did the arrival of the Christian dispensation make any change in the need or in the fact of a living interpreter of the Scriptures. He who will may put himself on the stream of the great, divinely guarded tradition: and as it carries him along he will see intellectually that its course is right. And one thing that he will behold, shining forth in every page of the Sacred Text, will be the greatness of God's dominion over the creatures He has made.

What the Christian has to gather from all that has been said is, when difficulties are put to him about the apparently high-handed dealings of God, to make answer, "Your idea of God's rightful dominion and my idea have little in common." Other lessons of a more positive character, teaching the sublimest exercises of virtue, are to be learned; but on the negative or defensive side, the above is the truth inculcated. The Hamiltonian view, especially as developed by Dean Mansel, errs by excess in saying that the morality of the Creator is utterly beyond human understanding. So that, in one way, Mill was right in his fiery denunciation of such a theory, though, in the heat of the moment, he wholly upset his own theoretical basis of morals, his earnestness in behalf of a natural conviction getting the better of his consistency with his own most unnatural theory. The true course lies mid-way. We must claim some understanding of God's moral excellence. What we can perceive is a substantial justice in the ways of Providence. Even on a human appreciation, the Ruler of the Universe shows Himself to be characteristically the opposite of malignant. But His position ought not to be surveyed simply from the point of view of a human ruler: while to apply to it a Divine standard is more than our ignorance allows, with anything like fulness of detail. But at any rate, in all attempts of the kind, and especially under failure in such attempts, it is a sovereign principle to bear in mind, that the Supreme Lord is not an earthly lord several degrees elevated. His title to rule is no supervening accident, but something bound up with His essence.³¹ It is no virtue in Him to leave His rights uncared for: to do so would be wrong, and is therefore impossible. His claims can be limited by no independent claims on the part of others. Not to others, but to Himself does He owe it, that He commit no injustice: and what is due to His own infinite sanctity, He will

³¹ This is what is meant when God's authority is called *dominium ontologicum*, i.e., bound up with His very being.

always perform. Great, therefore, and uncontrolled and inexorable as is the dominion of the Creator, man, if he never freely offend against his known duty, has nothing to fear. The very power of God is a reason why He can afford to be merciful. "Thou hast mercy upon all because Thou canst do all things. . . . Thou sparest all things because they are Thine."³⁰

JOHN RICKABY.

³⁰ Wisdom xi. 24, 27.

The last days of the Old Régime.

THERE is no more striking contrast in history than that presented by the first and last periods of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth. Suddenly, and in his old age, the feeble indifferent *Roi fainéant* gathered up his energies, and displayed a force and vigour at which his contemporaries must have marvelled even more than ourselves. At the helm of affairs were two statesmen of a high order, the Duc d'Aiguillon and M. de Maupeou, who ably carried out the royal resolution, first to confine within due limits the authority of the seemingly irrepressible *parlements*, and at last to put an end to them altogether. The bold financial reforms of the Abbé Terray had produced the most beneficial results, and the royal authority seemed stronger and more secure than in the palmiest days of Louis the Fourteenth. Perhaps the King's sweetest reward for his wise and really patriotic policy was the filial sympathy and warm approval of his best-loved child, Madame Louise, the saintly Carmelite, who cheered him by her letters, and aided him by her prayers. Despising and condemning the false philosophy of the Encyclopedists, Louis was a liberal and intelligent patron of science; he presided in person at the meetings of *savants*, and entered into their discussions. He possessed the "talent of discovery" which is so useful in a sovereign, and but for which young Louis Leclerc might have continued in the comparative obscurity of his native Dijon, instead of being the world-famed naturalist whom the King created Comte de Buffon. The first Botanic Garden was made, at the royal command, by Jussieu, at Trianon, and was frequently visited by the King, himself a fair botanist. One cannot but hope that there may have been a moral as well as an intellectual resurrection in this poor degraded life, and that the prayers of his dead wife and living daughter may have won him grace at the eleventh hour. The faith he always held; and there is a pathetic interest in the visits he was fond of paying

to the excellent Duc de Penthièvre at that Château de Rambouillet, which had been the scene of disgraceful pleasures and unbridled extravagance in his earlier years, and where he often found its present possessor in the kitchen, arrayed in a white apron, preparing food for the poor with his own hands. *C'est le saint de la famille*, the King would say with a tender reverence which checked the smile on the lips of his courtiers.

But if the death of the old *régime*—and it died hard—was delayed by the King's fidelity to ancestral tradition and his opposition to anti-Christian teaching, the long agony was beginning. The ancient tree had indeed been propped up and bound together, so as to resist the storms of popular attacks, but there was a worm gnawing at the root, and slowly but surely sucking the sap which gave it life. Not Christianity alone, but all natural virtue, all social order were assailed by the new doctrines. The infamous works of Diderot, Helvetius, and the Baron d'Holbach, secretly published in England and Holland, were introduced and circulated in France, while for those who were revolted by the open profanity and coarseness of these writers there was the more delicately flavoured poison of Rousseau and Voltaire. The latter, so long as the old king lived, had to content himself with being "King of Ferney"; the two great objects of his ambition, a marquise and permission to reside in Paris, being steadily refused by Louis the Fifteenth; but his triumph was not to be long deferred. The mischief wrought by this infidel school of literature was immensely increased in consequence of the excessive weakness of the person whose business it was to repress it, M. de Malesherbes, director of the *surveillance des écrits*, a man to whom much has been forgiven for the sake of his generous defence of Louis the Sixteenth. But, as it has been shrewdly said: *Mieux vaut sauver la monarchie que mourir pour le roi.*

Side by side with the Encyclopedists had arisen a class of empirics much favoured by silly women, idlers of all sorts, and the immortal race of the curious. Prominent among these were the Comte de Saint Germain, who solemnly asserted that his really vast historical knowledge was easily explained by the fact of his having lived through so many centuries; Cagliostro, who professed to make gold and gems, to restore health to the sick, and youth and beauty to the aged; and Mesmer, whose magnetic vagaries have been revived and largely improved upon in our own day. There is no credulity like

that of scepticism: as Paul Féval says, *Les esprits forts nient l'évidence, et croient à toutes les absurdités.*

The old King died, and the Dauphin with his fair Austrian wife were King and Queen of France. She had been the idol of the country for more than four years already, ever since the day of her entry into Paris, when the gallant Duc de Brissac told her she was surrounded by two hundred thousand lovers. Choiseul, the maker of the match, independently of his wish for the Austrian alliance, hoped much for his own schemes from the exceedingly "liberal" education of the young Archduchess. Her mother and all the Imperial family were more or less deeply tainted with the opinions of Prince Kaunitz, opinions which attained a fatal maturity in the person and reign of her brother Joseph, and as soon as the marriage was a settled thing, Maria Teresa begged the French minister to provide her with one of the adroit and accommodating *abbés* who were already far from scarce at the Court of Versailles, to initiate the bride-elect into the spirit of her future country, that is of the coming age, for the King was old, and the apostles of the new doctrines were "biding their time."

It is certain—strangely as almost all historians have not only failed to notice the significance of the fact, but ignored the fact itself—that Marie Antoinette entered France with very decided "Liberal" opinions. An enthusiastic admirer of Rousseau, she was quite prepared to adopt the tone of thought and sentiment which was beginning to supersede the old traditions of the French monarchy. It is not too much to say that but for this fact, all her grace and charm, all the real worth and nobility of her character would have failed to make her the *fêted* goddess of her Court. For it cannot be too carefully borne in mind that it was among the higher class that the votaries of Materialism abounded, that it was on them, especially on the young nobility, that the new literature had taken so powerful a hold. Duty, piety, the sanctity of family ties, and similar obsolete "prejudices" had found an asylum, for the most part among the old *bourgeoisie* and the humbler classes. There was many a middle-class household in Paris such as those of the cloth-mercier Quatremère, the goldsmith Paulet, and the notary Sylvestre, whose names we remember with honour and reverence, in which religion, modesty, frugality, and all noble simple Christian virtues held sway—homes which were the very salt of the earth, fresh and healthy spots in the mass of festering

corruption which was gradually making the city what the scathing pen of Louis Veuillot describes modern Paris to be: *Cette ville sans passé, remplie d'esprits sans souvenirs, de cœurs sans larmes, d'âmes sans amour.* But the influence of the *bourgeoisie*, and even of the *petite noblesse*, was but small: the power lay with the higher classes, and there, among the clergy as well as the nobles, the poison was spreading apace. The poor young Queen—she was not yet twenty—walked smiling along the rose-strewn path which led to the throne, unwitting of the serpent lurking beneath the flowers, or of the mine over which the throne was set. Adversity was to be the teacher to open her eyes to the hollowness of the world whose flattery had been so intoxicating, and grace was to transform the gay Queen of revels of Trianon into the patient noble martyr of the Conciergerie.

Louis the Fifteenth had been one of the most enthusiastic admirers of his grandson's girlish bride. He liked her all the better for the pretty defiance of etiquette and Court formula which never went so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum. The little dauphine would come unannounced to his room in the morning, and then ask permission to visit her grandfather. *J'aime bien qu'on demande la permission quand on l'a prise*, was the laughing answer. He liked her as heartily as he disliked her husband, who was, indeed, her very opposite, and nothing in Marie Antoinette is more admirable than her behaviour to him. His character was at once timid and obstinate, weak and violent: he would express a determination in the strongest terms, and then give up the point altogether—a fatal disposition for a ruler of men, as poor Louis found to his cost! Added to this, there was about him a *brusquerie*, often amounting to positive rudeness, which brought him repeatedly into hot water with his father and his brothers, to whom, notwithstanding, he was strongly attached. His wife, courteous and considerate to all, must have been tried by him a hundred times a day, but she behaved perfectly: he was a difficult person to amuse, for he detested all parade, and had as little taste for literary pursuits, or for the laborious idylls of Trianon, and though sincerely attached to his wife, he was utterly without the graceful deference and tenderness which give a charm to domestic affection; but with a true woman's jealousy for the man whose name she bears, the Queen was always ready to excuse him, to put him in the right, and to disarm the criticism

of the Court by her quick tact and unruffled temper. She could appreciate the solid worth which lay beneath a singularly unengaging exterior, and this is no small praise to a beautiful and admired woman in her position. *C'est un lingot d'or dans une enveloppe de terre*, she answered sweetly when some rudeness she could not deny was commented on in her presence.

The King began his reign by a serious blunder, the dismissal of Maupeou and d'Aiguillon. The Queen would fain have seen Choiseul in their place, but Louis had heard too many secrets about him from his father, the Grand Dauphin, to listen to her. The choice he did make, however, was a very unlucky, and a very strange one to be made by so virtuous and highly principled a sovereign as Louis the Sixteenth. The Comte de Maurepas was an old man of easy-going morality belonging to the school known as *mi-parti philosophe*. His colleagues were chosen from the ranks of the same, or a more advanced party, and the old *régime* received another blow in the appointment of such men as Turgot, Malesherbes and the Comte de Saint Germain.¹ The first and most honest of the three was one of those obstinate theorists who in carrying out their pet ideas disregard "the inexorable logic of facts" even when presented to them in the form of grave public calamities. A ready speaker and an ingenious exponent of his views of political economy, he succeeded in so thoroughly imbuing the King with them that he saw nothing ominous in the serious disturbances which made it necessary to fire on the people in order to carry out M. Turgot's Corn-law theory.

Malesherbes had made his *début* in the magistracy as a mere boy, his mentor being the Abbé de Pucelle of Jansenistic notoriety: he rose to be President of the Cour des Aides, and, as has been said, Director of the Bureau for the Surveillance of the Press. It was in this capacity that he earned the testimony of the infidel Grimm that but for him the *Encyclopédie* could never have appeared. A rabid *parlementaire*, the language in which he addressed the old King was so little measured as to draw from Voltaire the remark that "a little more civility was due to one's sovereign." Then came Maupeou's *coup d'état*, and Malesherbes was banished with the rest. This was the man to whom the seals of the kingdom were confided by Louis the Sixteenth.

It was Turgot who suggested the Comte de St. Germain

¹ Not the one who claimed to have lived for centuries.

to the King for the office of Minister of War. The *économistes* delighted to tell how the royal summons found the modern Cincinnatus marking out trenches in his garden; but "cloth of frieze" can cover as much ambition and tyranny as ever "cloth of gold" did. St. Germain was a brave soldier, but a man of hard character and sour temper, who had become stiffer and drier than nature made him by a course of military service in Prussia. Frederic's rigid discipline was his admiration: the unadorned and padded ugliness of his troops his ideal of soldierly perfection. Alas for the *corps d'élite*, the gay *mousquetaires du roi*, the smart *grenadiers à cheval*! St. Germain made a clean sweep of all their bravery. The army was furious: we may smile at the lamentations over lace and plumes and all the smartness of the brilliant uniforms of the old *régime*, but these dashing regiments had been the admiration of Europe, as well as the pride of France, for many a year. They had fought none the less bravely at Fontenoy for all their fanciful elegance, and the reforms of the new Minister were looked upon as an insult to the traditions of the past, as well as to the pride of the present. They were certainly a sign and a prophecy of much that was to follow, and on the score of economy but little was gained, as the cost of the suppressed finery had to be repaid.

It is difficult to understand the King's choice of Ministers, if we accept the commonly received view of his character: but it has been as superficially judged as that of his Queen. The truth is, Louis, at this time, was by no means the profoundly pious Prince he is usually represented: he was exact in the performance of his religious duties, a model of virtuous life, and, of course, a perfectly loyal son of the Church; but to him, as to Marie Antoinette, the Divine chastisements were to be the masters of the spiritual life.

The King's best choice was that of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Diplomacy was his *forte*: it is said that he knew the situation of Europe better than any man in it. He was not here led astray, as in home affairs, by the enticements of popularity-seeking; and his correspondence, which was very extensive, is said to show a perfect mastery of facts and a deep sense of duty and of the interests of his country. The Comte de Vergennes, on whom his choice fell—great-uncle of Mme. de Rémusat—went heart and soul with the King in his favourite idea of rivalry with England on the Continent

and in the Colonies, an idea which influenced the relations of France with the great powers at this time, and which led to the part taken by her in the American War of Emancipation. For once, the spirit of the Queen's *salon* and that of the King's Cabinet were in harmony. The sympathies of the young nobility were all with Republicanism, and there was a regular American fever in the little Court of Trianon. The Marquis de Beauharnais, whose chief distinction hitherto had been that of the best dancer at Court, the Duc de Polignac, La Fayette, a young captain in the regiment of Auvergne, just married to Mlle. de Noailles, and a host of others followed the lead of the Queen's youngest and favourite brother-in-law, the brilliant Comte d'Artois. Silas Deane, the Federal agent, and Franklin, who had taken up his abode at Passy, under the pretext of studying electricity, were the objects of the most exaggerated homage. The descendants of the Crusaders made pilgrimages to the *bonhomme* of Passy in his hermitage, and prated by the hour of equality and fraternity with the transatlantic patriarch in his broad-cloth suit, over which his long locks were trained to flow with elaborate simplicity. How little did they guess the terrible meaning the words were soon to bear!

All things were tending one way. Even seeming trifles were among the signs of the times. The stately life of the old nobility on their own lands and among their own people was being exchanged for a residence in small but costly *châteaux* which imitated and even rivalled the fairy-like Trianon, for which Marie Antoinette had all but deserted Versailles. These *folies*, as they were called in the fashionable jargon of the day, sprang up in every direction round Paris. M. d'Artois had his *folie*, called *Bagatelle*, where he initiated his admirers into the Anglomania he laboriously cultivated. The old King had made a grimace, and uttered a contemptuous *Comment?* the first time this privileged grandson talked of *le sport* in his presence; but times were changed, and there was a rage for jockey-costumes and bets *à l'Anglaise*. The Duc de Chartres, who rivalled his cousin in these lofty ambitions, had tasted the delights of Epsom in former days, and now rode his own horses in the smartest of caps and jackets to the admiration of the Queen's ladies. It is time to mention one of these, whom she honoured with her intimate friendship, and who seems to have been a very charming person indeed. At the *fêtes* given in honour of her marriage, the Dauphine had noticed

and been strongly attracted by the young bride of the Comte de Polignac, whose father and grandfather had spent a fortune in the King's service during the war, leaving him in a position which forbade his appearing at Court in a manner suitable to his rank, so that he was only seen when the occasion was imperative; and at the coronation of the young King and Queen, Yolande de Polignac was there for the second time only. She was a modest, gentle creature, fair and graceful rather than strictly beautiful, with an unassuming sweetness of manner which disarmed all jealousy when the Queen singled her out and expressed a wish to see more of her. The Comtesse replied that it would be her pride and pleasure to obey, but that her husband's fortune was too small; and Louis was easily prevailed upon to assign a pension to the Comte, who was soon raised to the rank of duke and made grand equerry; and before long his wife became the Queen's inseparable companion. Marie Antoinette was a true German in her passion for music, and she had a mania for private theatricals, even compromising her own dignity by appearing on the boards at Trianon, so that her new friend, who sang and acted well, was an acquisition on that score; but it is unjust to represent the attachment as a mere frivolous fancy. The Queen was lonely at heart in spite of all her gaieties: her dislike of form and etiquette, which no doubt she carried too far, prevented her making a real friend of her *surintendante*, Mme. de Lamballe, who was a great stickler for the proprieties, and whose all but royal birth justified her in remonstrating with her mistress with more freedom than was found pleasant. Married when a mere child to the weak and dissipated son of the saintly Duc de Penthièvre, and left a widow at eighteen, the daughters of Louis the Fifteenth wished, at one time, to draw her from the seclusion in which she was living with her father-in-law at Rambouillet and to place her on the throne. She was obliged to appear at Court in deference to the wishes of *Mesdames*, but Louis was too shrewd to make himself ridiculous by such a marriage, and happily for herself, the girlish widow was allowed to return to Rambouillet, which she only left when Louis the Sixteenth placed her at the head of his Queen's household. Marie Antoinette respected more than she loved her: all her tenderness and confidences were for Yolande, and the friendship became stronger and closer in the dark days which were drawing on apace.

The growth of the new ideas in the Court circles was very apparent on the occasion of Voltaire's arrival in Paris. Strange that Louis the Fifteenth should have refused, and Louis the Sixteenth granted permission for it! The King was no friend to the *philosophes*, and no admirer of their apostle, but as usual, after a brief opposition, he gave in. A more degrading spectacle than that of the "audiences" at the Hôtel Villette can hardly be conceived. The vain old man gave himself the airs of a languid prince, and his appearance, in a dressing-gown stiff with gold embroidery, and a Louis Quatorze wig surmounted by a crimson velvet cap, was simply ludicrous: but parties are very blind to the absurdities of those who serve their ends, and no despot ever received a more exaggerated homage.

It is seldom that the student of history can lay his finger on the particular incident which changed a popular idol into an object of hatred, calumny, and persecution, but in the case of Marie Antoinette we can do this with absolute certainty. It is not necessary to go into the details of that incident, the involved and disgraceful story of the "necklace." There was the clearest proof of the Queen's entire innocence in the matter, of the unblushing falsehoods of the infamous Madame de Lamothe-Valois, and of the astonishing credulity of the Cardinal de Rohan. Why, then, was the affair allowed to issue in the public scandal of the arrest of a Prince of the Church, and an inquiry whether a Queen of France was party to a base intrigue involving secret meetings with a woman of notorious character, and a charlatan like Cagliostro? The person on whom rests the odium of all this was undoubtedly the Comte de Breteuil, the Secretary of State, whose enmity to the great house of Rohan (the Cardinal had supplanted him in the Viennese embassy), blinded him to the fact that his line of action was compromising the Queen. The wrong was irreparable. Cæsar's wife had been suspected—the partisans of Madame de Lamothe-Valois and foreign pamphleteers by the score pronounced Marie Antoinette guilty; England—to her shame be it spoken—encouraged these infamous calumnies, and the dethroned Queen of hearts was spoken of as the evil genius of France. At the time when this blow crushed the Rohans, the post of *gouvernante* to the royal children was held by the Princesse de Guéménée, who belonged to one of the most powerful branches of the falling house: she, with great dignity, at once sent in her resignation, and Marie Antoinette realized one of her dearest wishes in the appointment

of her beloved Yolande to the vacant office. Madame de Guéménée, a noble and high-minded woman, bore testimony to the conscientious and admirable way in which her successor discharged her duties; a better choice, she said, there could not be, but it was the signal for a fresh outburst. What was the meaning of this favour? was there to be a new Maréchale d'Ancre? and so on. The Queen's enemies numbered in their ranks more than one member of the royal family. The Comte d'Artois remained chivalrously faithful to his sister-in-law, but his elder brother, the Comte de Provence, who had never liked her, and who positively disliked her friend, now made no secret of his sentiments; but she had a far more formidable foe in the Duc de Chartres. He had been accused—entirely without foundation as was proved—of showing the white feather in the naval engagement off Ushant, and in consequence he lost the post of High Admiral, to which he was entitled; the unjust charge was kept up at Trianon, and Louis, with characteristic obstinacy, stuck to it in spite of proofs. No more dangerous enemy could there be; he was at the head of a party already known as the "English opposition;" the most profligate of the nobility were his followers; his influence as prince of the blood was backed by an enormous fortune, and he disguised his animosity to the Queen by affecting a great interest in the rights of the Princesse de Lamballe, whom he declared to be slighted for the sake of the "favourite." But none of these intrigues affected the relations of the friends. The King had assigned the *château* of La Muette at Passy as the residence of the Duchess and her charges, and her own children were their constant companions. She and the Queen were devoted mothers, and one cannot much blame the latter for hurrying over a dull state dinner at Versailles to spend the rest of the evening with her children, undressing and putting them to bed with her own hands, and then discussing with her friend not only domestic matters, but the threatening aspect of the future. For poor Marie Antoinette's days of careless gaiety were over; she would still steal out early in the morning for long country walks, visiting the poor, and chatting in the fields with the peasants, who with true French tact respected her *incognito*, but she felt that her simplest actions were misconstrued, and though the dancing and acting went on at Trianon, the volcano beneath might burst into flame at any moment. Even the theatre displayed some signs of the times, and foreshadowed the death

of the old *régime*. Beaumarchais' *Marriage of Figaro* had been written some time before the King consented to its representation; he read between the lines, and saw that there was more in the sparkling little piece than met the eye. It was, in truth, an attack on monarchical institutions and legitimate authority, but although Louis held out longer than usual, the Queen, in the end, triumphed over his scruples, and it was acted at Trianon, including the concluding *vaudeville* containing the audacious line—

De vingt rois qu'on encense on brise l'autel,
Et Voltaire est immortel.

The times were strangely out of joint: here were men of the best blood in France sanctioning the open contempt of royalty, and before long the death of Voltaire was to be mourned by the Marquise de Boufflers, the friend of the chivalrous Stanislas of Poland, in verses which were an insult to her King and a blasphemy against her God: it was *bon ton* to be emancipated from the fetters of the old beliefs.

The next scene was the meeting of the Notables, Calonne's panacea for the deficit! It has been clearly proved that Louis received the crown unburdened by any public debts: the deficit was created by Necker. No doubt the war with England and the emancipation of the American colonies were enterprizes for the glory of France; still, if the Minister had been too liberal, the responsibility was his. But no one ventured to say so; he had the *philosophes* and the *économistes* at his back; his wife headed the subscription for a statue to Voltaire, the deity of the day; and his praises were in every mouth. Secure in his popularity, he demanded admission to the Council, a thing without precedent in the case of a Controller of Finance, and on the King's refusal resigned, handing on the problem for solution to his successor. Calonne was a dashing promoter of reforms, which he carried on with a courageous reliance on credit and a magnificent disregard of resources: roads, canals, companies—the new Minister encouraged them all; nothing was impossible, few things difficult in his eyes. Formerly he had belonged to the *corps des intendances*, and had there formed a favourable opinion of the disposition of the provinces. He assured the King that this matter was by no means so tremendous as had been represented, and that a meeting of Notables would find the means, by voluntary loans and otherwise, of squaring receipts and expenses. But the light-hearted

Minister had not studied the changes wrought in men's minds during the last few years—the *bourgeoisie*, the merchants, the people were still, on the whole, faithful to the throne, but the *haute noblesse* were divided, almost to a man, into two parties: the one, guided by La Rochefoucauld, Rochambeau, and La Fayette, went all lengths in preaching Republican doctrines; the other was for a Constitution modelled on our own, with Lords, Commons, and responsible Ministers. This last section was led by the Duc de Chartres, as was natural enough, seeing that the scheme included a change of dynasty, a "glorious revolution" like that of 1688, and the placing of the younger branch on the throne! He was profoundly embittered against the Court, and the former friend of the Comte d'Artois was now on the side of the elder brother. Between them they spread abroad the belief that the real cause of the deficit was the extravagant expenditure of the Queen. Under such influence the Notables met, and, as we know, they separated without doing anything. We are told by competent judges that Calonne's plan was, in itself, both ingenious and feasible; but, unlike Wallenstein, he did *not* "know his Pappenheimers." The malcontents were too strong for him; their influence was felt in the *bureaux*; the Notables were mere tools in their hands, and there was an end of the Controller General's Budget. How could it be otherwise? The *haute noblesse* had supporters in too many of the clergy who followed the lead of the *philosophe* Cardinal de Brienne; vast revenues were spent in luxury and pomp—for the Concordat of Francis the First, which gave the crown the power of collating to benefices, had produced enormous abuses, and too many of the Court prelates and clergy were a scandal to the Church. Again, since the expulsion of the Jesuits, the work of public education had been mainly in the hands of the Oratorians, and the rising generation had been trained according to the classical and Republican ideas which developed in so many of their pupils, into the extremes of democratic frenzy. We may instance Daunou, Fouché, and Hermann, President of the tribunal before which Marie Antoinette was subjected to the atrocious examination, which drew from her replies of such pathetic dignity. The truth is that not a few of the orders were touched with the classic rage. Camille Desmoulins, Danton, and Robespierre were all pupils of religious, and had gained the first prize for classical distinction.

The provinces swarmed with needy *gentilshommes*, soured by the exclusion from Court dignities which was a necessity of their fortunes, and such of these as were not disposed to serve in the army hoped to distinguish themselves in a different arena by a liberal effusion of ink instead of blood. Of this number was a man who gained for himself an influence as wide as it would be incomprehensible, were it not that in times of general agitation and *bouleversement* it is especially true that men are taken at their own valuation, and that in troubled waters the scum rises most readily to the surface. And if ever a man belonged to the scum of society it was Mirabeau: if one marvels at his finding admirers even in the wild times he lived in, the wonder deepens when we see the laudation he has received from writers of talent and credit in our own day. Profligate, corrupt, and entirely selfish, he would talk humanitarian rubbish by the hour in noisy harangues whose vulgar vapourings, uttered in the strongest Provençal accent, stamps him as one of the most inflated of the race of "windbags" whom his chief admirer lashes so severely. Such as he was, however, he became the leader of that section of the Revolution which was forming in the provinces, and the influence of which went for much in the *fiasco* of the Notables.

The next stage in the downward career of the old *régime* was the attitude assumed by the *Parlement* on the occasion of the new taxes. Certainly the King had a right to expect considerable complaisance from that body on the ground of early favours, but it was never remarkable for gratitude, and now, even poor Louis, slow as he was to learn such lessons, might have been taught how fatal an error he committed in revoking Maupeou's edicts. The old-fashioned *parlementaires* contented themselves with the traditional "remonstrances" so unpleasantly familiar to French sovereigns, but the more advanced school, under the leadership of the brilliant and unprincipled Hérault de Séchelle, openly sided with the party of Chartres, and advocated the transformation of the *Parlement* into a Parliament on the English model. The King's eldest brother played the part of malcontent more and more undisguisedly, and became consequently more and more popular, while the Comte d'Artois, on the contrary, was almost hissed when he appeared at the Cour des Aides in his official capacity, so well known was his chivalrous devotion to the Queen. The Duc de Chartres, now Duc d'Orléans, with the "talent of opportunity" for which he

was remarkable, saw that the moment was come for throwing off the mask, which had for some time been becoming more and more transparent, and allowed himself an audacious liberty of expression on the occasion of the King's *lit de justice*, for which he was banished to one of his country seats; but *Égalité* Orleans had bided his time very prudently, and his exile was utilized for arranging plans with his party. The old *régime* was visibly tottering to its base: that anything could have saved it who shall say? But one may unhesitatingly pronounce that its only chance of salvation was prompt, energetic, even despotic action: the King should have followed his grandfather's example, and dismissed the refractory *Parlement*. It was the moment for showing that *oser c'est triompher*: the Queen did what woman could do, and urged strong measures with all her mother's spirit and all her own tenderness and charm, but she spoke in vain. Louis went on as usual, often hunting the whole day in the forest of Rambouillet, and only learning the grave complications and menacing events it had brought forth at his *début* in the evening. Clearly this was not the man for a *coup d'état*.

And now the curtain rises on what may be called the last scene of all. The *Parlement* clamoured for the convocation of the States-General: the Cardinal de Brienne, who held the reins at this crisis, urged it. It was, to say the least, a dangerous experiment. Even in the vigorous days of the monarchy they had always proved a cause of disturbance without ever bringing any question to a satisfactory issue; they had never met since Richelieu's strong hand guided the helm, and France had prospered and developed her resources without their aid. But Louis was as slow to profit by the teaching of history as to learn a lesson from his own mistakes. True to his character of consistent inconsistency, he exiled the heads of opposition rather in a fit of temper than in grave displeasure, and then recalled them in compliance with popular clamour. Such feebleness strengthened the hands of the malcontents, who now demanded the double vote for the *tiers état*. This was too much even for the advanced views of the Comte de Provence, who memorialized the King in a very able paper against the proposal, but to no purpose. Louis seems to have resolved on playing the part of a citizen-king, and this modest ambition might, perhaps, have been realized, had not the Cardinal de Brienne, in his hunt after popularity, overshot the

mark, and at this critical juncture proclaimed the liberty of the press, for the purpose, it was announced, of enlightening public opinion preparatory to the elections! It took scarcely a month to pervert it utterly. The country was deluged with pamphlets of the most abominable sort: Marat, Desmoulins, and a host beside poured forth their venom without stint. Their calumnies were mainly directed against the Queen, the Comte d' Artois, and Mme. de Polignac. Their instinct taught them that Marie Antoinette was the great obstacle; the King was sure to yield all they claimed in the end; she never would. The demagogues, too, found their opportunity in the elections, and Mirabeau, who had turned cloth-merchant, to gain the votes of the *tiers état*, prated by the hour of Marius and the Gracchi. Worst of all, the army had drunk freely of the intoxicating poison; the Duc de Biron had been removed from the command of the French guards, and his place was filled by the Duc de Châtelet, of the family of Voltaire's too famous *Marquise*, and it was hard to believe that the drunken disorderly men who thronged the taverns, insulting their officers and molesting decent citizens, belonged to the gallant corps which had been the pride of the Kings of France. Everything was ripe for revolution: the malcontents knew it and were ready. So, too, was the daughter of Maria Teresa; she and Artois presented to the King a memorial as sound as it was spirited. It set forth that by claiming, at the instigation of the Abbé Sièyes, to constitute a National Assembly, the States-General had openly dealt a blow at the monarchy which justified the strongest measures. The King had still thirty thousand devoted troops at Versailles, under the Maréchal de Broglie; the danger was exceptional, so must be the steps taken to meet it. Let the Prince de Condé be appointed generalissimo, *connétable*, if necessary, as in the days of the Fronde—days assuredly less fateful than these. Let the King put himself at the head of these forces, dissolve the illegal Assembly, arrest the ringleaders, and occupy Paris by armed troops. The deficit was not forgotten; it was proposed to pledge the crown jewels, the clergy were ready to forego half their revenues, and the *fermiers-généraux* promised a large loan. One cannot doubt that the chances were enormously in favour of the plan; the officers were longing for their orders, the camp at Versailles was burning with enthusiasm, the King was clearly in the right, for the States-General no longer existed, the proclamation of

the National Assembly was a suicide. For a moment the Queen exulted; Louis announced to his Council his determination to dissolve the *soi-disant* Assembly, and there was grand gala at Trianon. On leaving the council chamber he went there, accompanied by his younger brother, to sup with the Queen. Madame de Polignac and the royal children were of the party. It was a family *fête* as well as a political triumph. Then came the dissolution, a strictly legal act, of which Necker himself approved. The scene in the tennis court has been dressed up with many fictitious embellishments; for instance, it is said that when the Master of Ceremonies gave notice of the dissolution, Mirabeau cried: "Slave! tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and that only bayonets shall drive us hence." The vulgar bluster of the speech is worthy of the man, but as M. Capefigue well says, M. de Brézé, we may be sure, would not have waited for more than the word "slave" before lashing the speaker's face with his glove. The same distinguished writer remarks that it must have been a hard task for the painter David to idealize many of the group in the tennis-court: Bailly's feeble expression, Mirabeau's grotesque ugliness and coarse gesticulation, La Fayette's self-satisfied primness, and Siéyes with his pedantic airs. A poor set of antagonists for a King of France to quail before! The Queen implored him to arrest the deputies at once, and this was not only right but easy; the blustering declaimers would have dispersed at sight of the first dragoon. They would have been the gainers, too: forty-seven of the heads represented in David's picture fell under the guillotine, by order of Robespierre, the friend of the artist, who, by a ghastly nemesis, sat in the Committee of Public Safety which sentenced them.

Perhaps, had the nobility been faithful, Louis might have stood firm, but they were infected by the new doctrines; those who bore the greatest names of France flattered the King to his destruction, assured him of the loyalty of the Assembly, itself lavish of hypocritical protestations, and persuaded him to abandon the policy to which he had just pledged himself. He went to the assembly, acknowledged its illegal and usurped authority, and all was lost. The *coup d'état* was a *coup manqué*.

The days which followed were very dark ones for the Queen; and we may be allowed to linger over them, because the pangs

they caused her have been almost forgotten in the mingled pathos and horror of the closing tragedy. Yet they must have had a poignancy all their own, and in some respects bitterer to the high-spirited sufferer than even the anguish of the last martyrdom. Then the world and all its misery was behind her, and there was nothing left to do but to bow beneath the last stroke from her Father's Hand: but as yet she was a Queen still, and right royally did she wear her crown of sorrow. She was very lonely: her beloved Yolande, with all her family, her true-hearted brother Artois, had left Versailles, not, as has been most unjustly said, either from cowardice or unworthy *piqué*, but because they saw that their presence would henceforth be an obstacle in the way of the system which the King had accepted, that is, a policy of accommodation with the men and the principles of the revolution.

Hardly had the Queen dried the tears shed at parting from her friend, when she had to consider who should succeed her as *gouvernante* to the royal children. In her sorrow she had been more closely drawn to her sister-in-law, Madame Elisabeth, that "angel in the house," who had kept apart, as far as possible, from the careless gaiety of earlier days, but who now came forward, and devoted herself, heart and soul, to her brother's family. The Princesse de Lamballe, forgetting the coolness consequent on the unbounded favour enjoyed by Mme. de Polignac, hastened, at the first tidings of what had happened, to offer her services to the Queen, who accepted them with the frankest confidence and the warmest gratitude: and it was by her advice and that of Mme. Elisabeth that the royal children were committed to the charge of Mme. de Tourzel. The instructions written by Marie Antoinette for her guidance are still in existence, and are a beautiful proof of the anxious consideration she had given to her children's characters. The paper is almost a philosophical study as regards the poor little Dauphin, who was never to profit by the loving care which had drawn his portrait so carefully. Madame de Tourzel was thoroughly worthy of her post, and the Queen recognized all the value of the faithful servants at her side, but she had lost her one chosen *friend*, and she kept her place vacant. Two months after the judicial murder of Marie Antoinette, Yolande de Polignac, from whom the fatal news was kept as long as possible, died broken-hearted at Vienna. She had chosen it for her residence because it had been the early home of her

friend, and the memories of Trianon were less bitter in the gardens of Schönbrunn, where she had played as a child.

The day came when Marie Antoinette paid her last visit to her favourite gardens. The royal family were to reside henceforth at the Tuileries: her fate was sealed, and the clubs and papers openly discussed the question of the death or exile of the "Austrian". She seems to have had a presentiment of the end, and her last souvenir of Trianon was a spray of weeping willow, which she gathered with tears in her eyes. She had bright smiles still to give to the brave men who greeted her with the old enthusiasm at the banquet of the *gardes du corps*, but they were soon quenched in the tears of indignant shame which she shed in that odious journey from Versailles to Paris after the fall of the Bastille, when the glances of savage hatred cast on her by Mirabeau were not more repulsive than the false homage of Lafayette's kiss on her outraged hand. It was the funeral procession of the Old Régime.

*The Song of Roland.*¹

MR. O'HAGAN'S translation of the *Song of Roland* has already met with the hearty commendation which it deserves. But we may be permitted to hail it with something more kindly than the ordinary welcome of reading men. It touches us Catholics in a way in which it can hardly touch others. It is something like an old family record with us. In our language, we seldom meet with anything to which we warm as to this poem. The legend of Roland is one of the most hoary and venerable tales of Christendom—that Christendom which belongs to us. The poem in which it has been enshrined for all time comes down to us out of the dusky ages strongly fragrant of that old faith which heartless heretics around us are daily maligning for new. And now, after seven hundred years of its existence, we have it gracefully rendered for us into our own tongue—by one of ourselves, we may throw in—and coupled with a name and a memory that will be long dear to us, that of the late Dr. Russell of Maynooth, who went over the manuscript during his last vacation. So we have a sort of vested right in it. The translator has been long known to us from his association with Cardinal Newman in the early days of the Catholic University of Dublin. Mr. O'Hagan held the Chair of Political Economy in that University. But as far as we know, this is his first venture in the domain of poetry. He sends it out with a strong recommendation to mercy, as 'the outcome of the leisure hours and scattered intervals of a working lawyer.' Our only wonder is that, knowing so much as he does of legendary lore, and being so well able to handle it in verse, he has notwithstanding put us off so long.

The *Song of Roland* is a poem of some three thousand five hundred lines, on the subject of the last battle and death of the ideal Christian soldier of the eighth century, the Frankish

¹ *The Song of Roland*. Translated into English verse by John O'Hagan, M.A., one of her Majesty's Counsel. C. Kegan Paul and Co., 1880.

Baron Roland, sister's son to Charlemagne himself, or Karl, as he is called in the poem. It was written some score or two of years on one side or other of the year 1100 A.D., by some unknown poet, where, it is not known, in the language of the centre and north of France, the *langue d'oïl*; the language, that is, of those who for 'yes' said 'that's it,' in romance *hoc illud, oïl*, or *oui*, instead of merely 'tis it,' *hoc*, as did the people of the south, who spoke the forgotten *langue d'oc*. The manuscript was lost for three hundred years, and found in Oxford in 1832. If the last line is to be trusted, it was one Theroulde who wrote the lay; all else about him is conjecture. Some think to find him in Theroulde, the Norman Abbot of Peterborough, whose father was Preceptor to William the Conqueror. Others see no need to suppose him more than a leading spirit amongst the troubadours of the age, though against this the whole poem seems to us to protest. Whoever he was, his work will ever bear this testimony to him, that he was a man of great gravity and tenderness, of great power to idealize up to a very high type, of great purity, and positively rampant faith.

What his work exactly was cannot be said for certain. For three hundred years before his time ballads without number had been made and sung all over France about Karl and his doings. Roland figured largely in them. These gave the theme. But how far did the poet use them? to what extent did this Homer recast and unify these fragmentary legends? It may be said in brief, that they may be traced more at the beginning and less the farther we go, as if the poet warmed to his work as he went on, moulding his materials more completely into the continuity of a personal narrative. The story in poetry is different from the story in prose. The poetry of it is this. Karl has been in Spain for seven years, fighting the infidel, the proper occupation of a Christian monarch and soldier. The Moorish King Marsil, unable to beat him off, buys him off, partly with costly presents, but much more with a false promise to follow him into France and be baptized with all his people. Karl returns by the Pass of Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees, but leaves Roland with a rearguard at the Spanish mouth of it, to hold it against invasion. When the main body has passed on, the false Saracens fall upon the isolated rearguard and annihilate it. Karl returns and avenges them. The prose account of Eginhard, Karl's secretary, is quite different. In 777 Karl went into Spain to assist one Saracen against another. He found he had

got into a hornet's nest, and came out of it hot foot. The hardy Spanish mountaineers caught his rear-guard in the Pass, and cut it up. Karl marched on.

The poet divides his matter, or rather spins it out, into three cantos. To make up the first he embodies some old story about an act of treasonable intercourse between one of Karl's peers, Ganelon, and the Moorish King, having for its object to get Roland appointed to the command of the doomed division. This makes up the first half of the first canto. It is more broken up and uneven than any other part, and shows the hand of the assimilator at its weakest. The merit rises immediately after with the arming of Roland for his last duty of honour and danger, as if this first touch of something real had told at once on the poet. From this he begins on a high level from which he never comes down until the theme is spent. He gets better and better as he goes on, until at the close of the second canto he leaves off at a height of power and tenderness which separates him by wide distances from the common run of singers.

It is in one way a pity that he did not stop there. For although there is much that is pretty in the third canto, it has quite outlived its reason for being, for running on another third after the tale is out. It may be described as being made up of a main central incident, the single combat of Karl with an Eastern ally of Marsil, and the long-drawn note of mourning over the lost Roland which is made to hang upon it. The idolization of the great King warranted the first, the popular love of the hero warranted the second. The combat, no doubt, gave this part its dimensions as a canto; just as Ganelon's treason had done for the first. But worship and love have long died out; and so the translator has to choose between giving the whole just as it stands, with the risk of wearying, for there is nothing new in the combat, and giving it without the middle; a solution which is not without inconvenience, for if the poet had foreseen it, he would hardly have carried on the mourning so long. Mr. O'Hagan has made this latter choice, and it is the less of two pities. The story is now complete without any new interest. Thus we have the best in the middle, the beginning not so good, and the end falling off. But we shall always remember the poet for what he was when at his best, when he had something that was worth a poet's while. Perhaps he was some simple-minded soul hidden in the cloisters of those days, who struck the lyre with a touch of power, without

thinking to do anything great, who sang to please his people more than to make a name; separated by centuries from the growth of rule and system, and least of all thinking for his work when he put it by that at its discovery in an after age it would break upon his enraptured countrymen as the one missing glory whose absence they deplored, and be studied, dissected, reprinted, and extolled by them as one of the great national Epics of the world. His want of art is to be seen in the false colouring influence of local ways of thinking in that age of isolation which appears sometimes. The Saracens in Spain seem to know all about the feast days of St. Michael of Peril of the Sea, kept by the pious Breton sailors on the shores of the English Channel. They swear by their long beards flowing free to the wind, as Karl himself does. Even in their own dark malicious council-hall in Saragossa, it is against 'gentle France'—*France dulce*—that they denounce woe. The Homeric usage of having fixed epithets for places and persons will hardly cover this case. The Homeric epithets are not names of affection, such of them that is as are used by friend and foe, but indifferent attributes taken from natural qualities whose recognition did not compromise feeling, such as 'deep-soiled,' 'nurturer of men,' 'rolling-gaited' oxen, or 'white-tailed' sheep. 'Gentle France' seems out of place, except by way of irony, on the lips of an arch plotter in a secret council of the Saracens. The first mention made of Roland is that he rises and addresses his uncle. Of course every child in France knew who Roland's uncle was, almost as well as he knew his prayers. The poet should not have been satisfied with the incompleteness of a ballad, which is safe in supposing in the minds of the people an unwritten half, the point of allusions, and who everybody is. The popular reciter comes to the surface very plainly in parts, little points being made, and episodes being worked up into lengths. Such a passage occurs in the interview between Karl's faithless Ambassador and the Moorish King. Karl's terms so enrage the King that he lifts his spear and, as the poet says, unless something happens to prevent him, will undoubtedly transfix the Ambassador who brought them. The Ambassador on his side draws his sword in answer to this menace, addresses it in burning words full of very noble feeling for a traitor, and quite as undoubtedly signifies his intention of dyeing it on the spot in the blood of the King. Here's a pretty pass. Who is to bring the 'King's warrant

for all to lay down their arms?' We can imagine the village jongleur with his gaudy dress and shrill voice, his attitudinizing and rude shifts for stage effect, holding the breathless assembly spell-bound till he release them.

'Dispart the mellay,' the heathens cried.

At these potent words the incensed pair put off the lion and assume the lamb, make mutual explanations, and return to business. Later on the King's son proclaims that he will take the life of the bearer of such terms. Ganelon overhears him, waves his sword above his head, and gets his back up against a tree. Nothing comes of it. The next line introduces a Court-scene with the young prince present, and some one is sent 'to bring the Christian in.' It looks like making a point; or perhaps some minor ballad was taken so far and no farther.

The working out of the treason plot is laboured and transparent; but contains a good portrait of the great King as traditionally drawn. Karl wants to send a return Embassy to Marsil the Moor after his lying Embassy. There is an open-air meeting of the Franks; the King is under a pine tree (numbers of things happen under pine trees in the poem); he asks the assembly to name an Ambassador. Several people stand up and make suggestions, and very provokingly get told to sit down. At last Roland, innocently enough, suggests his stepfather Ganelon. That nobleman springs to his feet in a most excited state, begins to fling away his upper garments, talks darkly about a conspiracy to have him murdered, and plunges a good deal before he settles down in the poet's meshes. However, it is clear that he has to go, so he makes his will and goes. On his return after hatching his treason we have the like device. The King asks: 'Who is to have the rear-guard?' Ganelon steps to his side and says: 'My stepson, Roland.' The King turns upon him with: 'A living demon art thou:' words eminently appreciated no doubt by the people who knew the story, but premature in the poem, as the King had only just before praised him for his success in his mission, and the ominous dream interposed was hardly enough to warrant such a rebuke. Besides, the King falls in with the suggestion almost immediately. He weeps whilst he gives Roland his own bow, a weapon, which we do not hear of again. Then Roland goes to arm and the poet's embarrassments are over.

Apropos of this treason plot and the words with which the

King turned on the traitor, it may be remarked that it is difficult not to see the secret or acknowledged influence of the history of the Sacred Passion on the poem. Karl goes about making inroads on the evil domination surrounded by his twelve peers. Out of his bosom goes a traitor to the camp of the enemy making arrangements, for money, to have the blameless Knight delivered into their power. The King knows that the intrigue is working, yet for some unassigned reason acts as if he knew nothing, and retires sadly up the Pass complaining to those about him that there is mischief abroad, as our Lord went to the spot known to His betrayer warning the disciples that they would all be scandalized in Him that night. The words of Karl just quoted recall those other words of our Lord said in Judas' hearing: 'Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil.' During the time of Roland's death darkness overspreads the land of France 'from noon to the vesper hour.' The traitor is in the end torn to pieces by wild horses (a passage, by-the-bye, containing one line which we should be glad to think interpolated), but his treatment by the rabble seems almost translated from the Gospel narrative. The conduct of Judas has always taken a strong hold of the mind of the people. The Judas of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play has to be the best man in the village, or he could not live in it. The Portuguese sailors still hang up and beat a guy Judas in their rigging on Good Friday. It cannot be doubted but that in an age when religion was everything, that best known passage of the world's history, the betrayal and death of our Lord, had its effect in moulding the story of the great Christian captain.

Passing on to the real beginning of the story, the poet loses no time to emphasize the salient points of the situation. It is very happily conceived. The King already far up the lonely Pass, made more desolate by his ominous forebodings: the crafty infidels creeping up a hundred thousand strong: in the midst 'the marvellous little company' at the gates of Spain, the blameless Roland, the wise and valiant Olivier, and the incomparable Archbishop Turpin of Rheims. With these are twenty thousand lances. Two pretty incidents go before the battle. The wise knight, Olivier, surveys the infidel host, and asks Roland to sound upon his horn that Karl may come back.

See, Roland, see, how close they are,
The Saracen foemen, and Karl how far!

Of course Roland is too brave a soldier to entertain such a thought. We shall see how Olivier's character is saved later on, at present it is Roland who is glorified :

I will not sound on mine ivory horn ;
It shall never be spoken of me in scorn
That for heathen felons one blast I blew !

The Absolution which follows is no mere topic. The good people who used to flock to hear the story how those twenty thousand beloved Franks fell to the last man with Roland had clear notions on points of faith. They held that when the soldier died he did not travel out into blank space and go to nothing. Whoever undertook to conduct any one they had an interest in as far as death must guarantee to see him safe on the other side, or it might cost him his popularity. It would never do to leave even one Frank to be gathered with the unholy infidel. So they must all be absolved. The Archbishop does everything for them, as we should say, and he might have had the latest edition of the Roman Ritual in his hand. He bids them get off their horses, say each *mea culpa* and kneel down ; this for confession and sign of sorrow. For their sacramental penance he gives them 'to smite their best.' He makes the sign of the Cross over them and gives them absolution.

The Franks arose from bended knee
Assoiled, and from their sins set free.

Then the advance begins.

Roland rideth the passes through
On Veillantif his charger true,
Girt in his harness that shone full fair,
And baron-like his lance he bare.
The steel erect in the sunshine gleamed
With the snow-white pennon that from it streamed ;
The golden fringes beat on his hand,
Joyous of visage was he and bland.

The battle which follows is told in a series of single encounters. Although dreadful execution must be going on somewhere all the time, still in the immediate neighbourhood of each encounter everybody seems to be looking on. Roland kills the first Saracen, Olivier the second, and, to the glory of the Church, the Archbishop kills the third, doing for the King of Barbary, who had made some insulting remarks. It is truly a wonderful battle. Most people feel that they could not endure to see a real battle. But there is something about this one different from ordinary battles. It is a clean battle. One could

walk through it dry shod, such is one's impression. There is no terror, nothing disgusting or revolting; there are none of those terribly realistic touches which gain such praise sometimes. Eye and ear would not have been assailed by sights and sounds such as were in another famous battle:

. . . and shrieks
After the Christ of them who falling down
Looked up to heaven and only saw the mist;
And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, labouring of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying and voices of the dead.

If ought of this there was, the conception of the poet has thrown a certain lightsomeness over it, and eliminated the unseemly; the imagination never turns reproachfully to ask, Why picture this? The killed take their killing with decorum and have done with it; there is no confusion; every one has his turn, and the principal persons make seasonable remarks. The Archbishop says, 'Tis a baron's blow,' after one of Olivier's, and Roland says, 'Struck like a cavalier.' Yet, though it is all done so becomingly, there is as good fighting as one could wish to see. Here is one cut of Roland's:

He fought with lance while his good lance stood,
Fifteen encounters have strained its wood.
At last it brake: then he grasped in hand
His Durindana, his naked brand.
He smote Chernubles' helm upon
Where in the centre carbuncles shone:
Down through his coif and his fell of hair
Betwixt his eyes came the falchion bare,
Down through his plated harness fine
Down through the Saracen's chest and chine,
Down through the saddle with gold inlaid
Till sank in the living horse the blade,
Severed the spine where no joint was found—
And horse and rider lay dead on the ground.

The noble baron was not playing the fool.

We almost forget that we are reading the death song of a doomed squadron. But of course national love and vanity must be spared. So the battle is in two parts. In the first the Franks have it all their own way, and in a very peaceful and unostentatious manner dispose of the whole one hundred thousand infidels, all but one. He escapes severely wounded, and rewarded with the only word of praise the poem contains for a Saracen:

Were he but Christian, what a baron he!

He bears to Marsil the tidings of the destruction of his army; but urges him to fall with all his remaining forces on the enfeebled garrison. The King advances to the attack with ten fresh battalions. The tide of battle turns from the first, and the pathos grows apace. When three hundred lances only are left, Roland bethinks him of his horn, and how Olivier had suggested to him to sound it for help. That time Roland had had all the glory; now it is Olivier's turn. The noble knight looking death in the face simply scouts the idea, and tells Roland that he is unworthy of the hand of the fair Alda, Olivier's sister, if he does anything of the sort. The Archbishop settles the matter; the horn is to be blown, not to rescue them, it is too late for that, but that Karl may come and avenge them. So Roland blew his horn. It was a truly heroic blast. For although the noble baron was much enfeebled and all allowance being made for his having blown it down in a hollow, as the poet notices, still he made himself heard to a distance of ninety miles. Karl heard it and divined its meaning:

Said Karl, "That horn is long of breath;"
Said Naimes, "'Tis Roland who travailleth.
Arm, sire; ring forth your rallying cry,
And stand your noble household by,
For you hear your Roland in jeopardy!"

The death-note has now been sounded, and we pass on with great feeling to the end. It is to be a peaceful and beautiful end; so the poet proceeds with great simplicity and naïveté to clear the field of all disturbing influences—infidels, for instance. He has one hundred and fifty thousand of them to be got rid of, and only a few lances to do it with. But he sends the noble three, Roland, Olivier, and the Archbishop, careering imperturbably through the field, and the Saracens simply melt away. Olivier is the first to fall; it would be difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than his parting with Roland. He has been wounded in the face, and is bleeding so profusely that he cannot see. Roland flies to his side. But the wounded knight struck down in full career and still glowing with the battle ardour, seeing only the glimmering of a dark shadow approach him, takes his friend for an infidel, and meets him with a doughty blow on the golden crest of his helmet, which cleaves it down to the nasal, without however scratching his skin.

Roland marvelled at such a blow,
 And thus bespake him soft and low :
 " Hast thou done it, my comrade, wittingly?
 Roland, who loves thee so dear, am I,
 Thou hast no quarrel with me to seek !"
 Olivier answered : " I hear thee speak ;
 But I see thee not. God seeth thee.
 Have I struck thee, brother? Forgive it me."
 " I am not hurt, O Olivier,
 And in sight of God, I forgive thee here."
 Then each to other his head hath laid,
 And in love like this was their parting made.

From the side of the dying warrior Roland and the Archbishop turn for their last charge, to put to flight the clouds of Saracens who yet encumber the plain. The Archbishop is unhorsed, and wounded with four javelin points, but he keeps up with his comrade, who waits for him, and side by side they confront sixty thousand men ! These hateful cowards form a ring round the devoted pair, and shoot at them ; but they suffer enormously for their temerity, his Grace alone having four hundred of them found stretched around him in more or less aggravated forms of mutilation. Karl so found him and them ; he told it to Giles the Saint, who left it in writing, as every dunce knows.

In Laon cell the scroll he wrote ;
 He little weets who knows it not.

In fact there is no knowing whether a single one of them would have been left alive, but that they were thrown into a panic by the sound of Karl's responsive horn, and at the very thought of him took to flight, leaving the two unconquered warriors masters of the field. The poet lingers long and fondly over the last scene. The complement is now to be added to those traits of gentleness and tenderness in the portrait of the great soldier which have been but partially drawn out up to this. When we have seen him on the silent field amidst his fallen comrades, then we learn to the full what a soul was his all along.

He has a last vow to fulfil before he can lie down and die. Once, at a festal meeting before the King, he had said aloud that

In foreign land he would never fall,
 But in front of his peers and his warriors all,
 He would lie with his head to the foeman's shore,
 And would make his end like a conqueror.

So he takes up his sword and horn and travels a bow-shot's length beyond the field over the Spanish border. He stops at

the foot of a flight of marble steps for the last care of a soldier, to break his stainless sword lest it fall into unworthy hands. Three several times, with ten strokes each time, he strikes Durindana with all his might on the marble steps, but to no effect.

The steel was bent past words to tell :
Yet it brake not, nor was notched the grain,
Erect it leaped to the sky again.

He is much pained because the sword will not break ; the more so because it has four precious relics in the hilt, the chief being 'a fragment of Holy Mary's vest.' Then, as his strength is failing, he turns his face towards the flying foe, and falls upon the ground, with his sword and horn gathered under him to keep them. It is curious that no death-wound has been assigned him. He alone goes through the battle without a scratch. In blowing the warning blast of his horn he burst a vein in his forehead ; this takes an unexpected turn, and brings on the oozing out of his brain by the ears, which causes death. He has tender thoughts for France and for Karl ; but his last are for his soul. In sign of penance he lifts to Heaven the gauntlet on his sword-hand. St. Gabriel takes it from him, and thus assured he renders up his soul.

God from on high sent down to him
One of His angel cherubim,
St. Michael of Peril of the Sea,
St. Gabriel in company—
From Heaven they came for that soul of price,
And bore it with them to Paradise.

Mr. O'Hagan's translation of this exquisite story maintains throughout an easy flow of unaffected excellence. It exhibits many beauties of taste and expression, but its most valuable quality is, perhaps, its perfect colourlessness : we read the poet and not the translator.

Indeed the poem is not of a kind to call for any great display of language. The poet himself never forgot his character of a singer of the ballad kind, even when at his best simple, without self-consciousness even to being jejune. He never stays to paint country ; his few pictures are struck off in passing.

He spoke the first to the Emperor :
'Look onward, sire, two leagues before,
See the dust from the ways arise,
There the strength of the heathen lies.
Ride on : avenge you for this dark day.'
'O God,' said Karl, 'they are far away !'

There is not a simile from beginning to end. This single-mindedness of the poet stamps the character of every conscientious rendering. That before us reflects in its fidelity of tone and handling the affection which the translator owns to for the poem. He has caught its simple graphic manner; has been at no pains to add what might beautify, or cut off what may be less happy. He has given us a piece of English which within the limits of fidelity is fairly ornate, and reads with a good swing.

We think it was most wisely done to translate into full rhyming stanzas and to let alone the assonant rhymes. A good work might have been jeopardized. Those assonants will never gain any hold on the language; we can only by effort school ourselves to like them at all, if even then we are not like good children who on occasions declare they prefer their bread without jam. They may do in languages that mouth their vowel sounds and dismiss the final consonants with a bare recognition; but as long as we build up our small allowances of vowels between strong walls of consonants, like a little honey in a strong box, we shall always be on the look out to have the most of them made. If it be not unkind to find fault with a work which makes such delightful reading, we have a little fault to find with the too frequent admission of odd syllables into the feet of the metre. There are limitations in the use of the licence by which an iambic foot is turned into the English equivalent for the anapæst. It should seldom interfere with the place of the beat. Some of the stanzas have their flow somewhat broken by want of attention to this. The 'wicked necessity of rhyming' naturally pinches the translator more than the original poet. But life would be simply insupportable if all rhymes had to be fireproof, if *ye* could not stretch a point now and again to make one.

The great beauty of the poem is within. There is something most refreshing in this legacy of tender thought and beautiful conception, learnt and left us at a time when the Church like a nursing mother held the young mind and heart of Western Europe on her knee, only just out of their cradle. We cannot but be much the better for the study of these types. To whatever extent it be allowed that the *Song of Roland* falls short of the standard of greatness, there is something about it to which it is hard to deny a not very remote kindred with the spirit of the best Christian art. Roland stands out in his song such a one as St. Sebastian or St. Nazarius

looks from his canvas; with much feeling under his coat of mail, grave, unimpassioned, irresistible, invulnerable to foe, incorruptible to fiend, and every inch a soldier. Then the whole conduct of the battle is so charmingly conceived. It is not without some deep and potent cause that in an age so young, so swift to revenge and bloodshed, the popular feeling should award its idol for his last victory a type of battle so seemly and dispassionate. It reminds us of one of those old battles in the frescoed history of the people of God of the Old Testament adorning the walls of continental cathedrals. The Ark is in the midst: about it and in front of it Joshue and his warriors bear on calmly their level lances riding down horse and man; the whole battle seems to roll forward through the canvas. Beneath is a matted forest of the tangled limbs of man and horse, of javelin-shaft and buckler; and above, the unruffled breasts and mild faces of the saintly warriors, full of power and repose, without one line of evil passion, or the suspicion of an unworthy deed.

We cannot end without saying how much we look forward to another treat of the same kind from the translator of the *Song of Roland*. These old stories of mingled faith, heroism, purity, and beauty are a most valuable addition to our reading in these days. There is no need for him to seek far; there must be many a beautiful legend yet unsung lingering about the historical sites in his native land. We should be very glad to have one, told in his average stanzas, of which we give one more.

God wrought for Karl a miracle:
In his place in heaven the sun stood still.
The heathens fled, the Franks pursued,
And in Val Tenèbres beside them stood;
Towards Saragossa the rout they drave
And deadly were the strokes they gave.
They barred against them path and road;
In front the water of Ebro flowed:
Strong was the current, deep and large,
Was neither shallop nor boat nor barge.
With a cry to their idol Termagaunt
The heathens plunge, but with scanty vaunt.
Encumbered with their armour's weight,
Sank the most to the bottom straight;
Others floated adown the stream;
And the luckiest drank their fill, I deem.
All were in marvellous anguish drowned.
Cry the Franks, 'In Roland your fate ye found.

"Creature Worship."

PART THE SECOND.

I.

IN our former article under the same head with the present paper, we had to lament the very great extent to which Anglicans, even of the more advanced schools, and still more, ordinary Protestants, appear to have lost the simplest Catholic habits of thought and feeling with regard to the Communion of Saints. In that article we were mainly occupied with some considerations concerning the honour so universally paid among Catholics of all ages to the Blessed Mother of God, and we had to refute a number of curious statements and charges made by the latest champion of Anglican Protestantism on this subject. In our present paper we hope to speak first of the honour which Catholics pay to the Saints, especially in their invocation, and in the second place, of what is quite a different matter, the honour which we pay to sacred Images—whether of our Lord, or His Blessed Mother, or the Angels and Saints. In all this we have, of course, to keep our eye upon Dr. Littledale and his statements, though it will not be necessary to confine ourselves to them. This honour paid to the Saints, as has been already said, is a point as to which Anglicans and Protestants are not only widely separated from us, but on which also they feel difficulties which deserve respect and consideration, and which are not the mere controversial inventions of unscrupulous assailants of the Church of God. Such difficulties are best met by a simple statement of the Catholic doctrine and line of thought, though in setting forward these we may have occasionally to touch ground which we have already traversed.

Although no Catholic would venture to invoke the saints, to pay them the honour which he does pay them, or to venerate their relics and images, without the sanction of the Church, the organ of Revelation, still it is true to say that Catholics in doing

what they do with regard to the saints, are following the dictates of natural religion and piety. Revelation tells us who the saints are, what is their position in the Kingdom of God, what their relations to us—and, these truths being known, our duties to the saints and their offices to us follow in natural consequence. We know that they are princes in God's Kingdom, we know that our Lord has given to them immense power, and has, in His own words, "set them over all His goods," and we know that their power does not surpass their charity to and interest in us. According to this view of the subject, it is as natural to honour and to invoke the saints as it is to pray for the dead. The duty of praying for the dead is not exactly a part of the Christian revelation, for it was known before. In the same way, the duty of honouring the saints was known before, as far as it could be known before Heaven was peopled with saints, after the Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord. The Christian Dispensation has added immense light and weight to our duties in either case. In regard to the saints, it has opened to them the gates of Heaven, and endowed them with the Beatific Vision and all the privileges of glory. In regard to the departed, it has added to the powers which were before available for their relief and succour, the whole might of the Christian Sacrifice and sacraments, and the treasures of the Church. But in neither case is the duty of using the powers and opportunities which we possess a matter of fresh enactment and of revelation. Certainly it is impossible for Christian piety to conceive aright of the Body of Christ, to understand the intimate union which binds together the different parts of that Body, in Heaven, on earth, and in Purgatory, without at once discerning, without further instruction, that the fruit of that union must be a living and spiritual intercourse and communication of goods between the several members of that Body.

The Anglican finds himself practically cut off from all this exercise of privileges natural to the members of the One Body. Just as when he goes abroad, if he ventures into a Catholic church and attempts to join in the worship, he feels instinctively that he is an alien and not a citizen of the great Visible Unity, so when he thinks of the Saints or of the Holy Souls, he feels that there is a gulf between him and them. This is the effect of the schism which cuts him off from the Catholic body, and also it is the effect of the practical teaching of the Establishment, which has most carefully eradicated from its formularies

everything that even approaches an invocation of the saints or a prayer for the holy dead. In many cases, no doubt, Catholic instincts overpower these separatist influences, and the Anglican breathes a hesitating prayer to the Blessed Mother of God, or his Guardian Angel, or some Saint to whose veneration he may be drawn, or with equal timidity he asks the mercy of God for some dear one whom he has lost. But he does this without the sanction and against the spirit of what he considers his "Church"—the "Branch" to which, by a strange inconsistency, just for the reason that it does not belong to the Whole Body, he pays the allegiance due to the Whole Body of Christ on earth alone.

What has been said about the veneration of the saints, may be said, with almost equal truth, of that kind of honour which is paid to images, pictures, and other representations either of our Lord or His Mother, or the Saints. Here, again, the foundation is laid in human nature. It is natural to love the pictures of those whom we love, to honour the representations of those whom we honour, or, again, to cherish what we call relics of them. All these things make them present to us, and as we consider it a duty to cherish the memory or dwell on the mental image of those whom we venerate when present; so we help ourselves to preserve their memory or the image of them in our minds by setting images or representations of them before our eyes. The power which this kind of natural piety may exercise on individual minds or hearts may vary indefinitely in different cases; but as long as man is made up of body and soul, as long as his intelligence receives its impressions through the senses, and as he expresses his conceptions and affections in words and actions, so long will it be natural to him to use the powerful aid of sensible representations to bring home to him the objects of his reverence, his respect, his worship, and his love. It may safely be said, that in both the cases of which we are speaking, the exercise and manifestation of devotion to the saints, the confident hope in their love and interest for us, and, in the second place, the use of visible representations to aid us in our devotion to and remembrance of the objects of our worship—in all the various degrees into which worship divides itself—the natural instincts and piety of men and of Christians are most strongly in favour of the practices which are so familiar to Catholics, and of the doctrines or opinions on which those practices are founded. This is of itself a strong argument. For God is the Author of human nature, and its instincts are

sanctioned and ordered by Him. He deals, as the Scripture says, reverently with His creature, and has adapted the scheme of His Government, and especially the whole dispensation of the Incarnation, to the nature of that creature. He is not likely to require him to do violence to the yearnings and instincts of natural piety, rightly directed. The only question, therefore, for a Christian can be, whether, in the cases before us, these yearnings and instincts receive encouragement or discouragement from the revealed will of God, whether the history of man has been such that it is necessary for His Maker to forbid him these aids and helps to devotion and to grace, on account of some danger which may lurk in his using them.

The children of the Church can answer this question for themselves, in the way in which the good Providence of God intends such questions to be answered. That is, they look to the practice of the Church all over the world, and they are at once satisfied. It is true that a knowledge of the history of the Old Testament brings before them the fact, that there were, under the Old Dispensation, peculiar dangers in the temptations to idolatry, and strong prohibitions in consequence. They know also that there are texts, both in the Old Testament and in the New Testament, which can be quoted with some tolerable appearance of plausibility on the same side, that is, against the common practice of the Church. These and other similar facts may generate difficulties which a Catholic dwelling among Protestants may like to know how to answer, but, as Cardinal Newman says, a great many difficulties do not make a doubt. It is so impossible, in the eyes of a Catholic, that the Church, which God has given to him for the very purpose of guiding him as to what is true and right, can teach him what is false and recommend him to do what is wrong, that he is content to rest himself absolutely on her authority in such matters. Nay, something more may be said. He knows that the Church has distinctly fought the battle against what she judged to be false and injurious in this matter, when she condemned the Iconoclasts and other more modern heretics on these very subjects. The Catholic is therefore at once led to believe that, even if the veneration of saints, of holy images, and the like, be not an essential of Christianity, it is still so important in the eyes of the Church that she will not allow it to be abandoned and proscribed. Thus the very force, whatever it may be, of the apparent argument against

these things strengthens, in a true Catholic mind, the estimate of their value. If a change has been made in the rules of the Kingdom of God since the Incarnation, if the Church has emancipated her children from some of the restraints which were imposed on the children of the Synagogue, if she exposes herself to some of the taunts and attacks of heretics, drawn, as they think, from Sacred Scripture itself, then surely all this has not been done without a good reason. These things must have great importance in the counsels of God for the benefit of His children, and the Church must be guided by a special illumination for their good in allowing them and recommending them.

On the other hand, all these things cannot but be a perplexity to the good Anglican, who sincerely desires to convince himself that he is in the communion of the One Catholic Church while he remains in the Establishment, in which it has been his lot to be born. He finds "our Church" entirely at variance with what he considers "the Church throughout the world," on these points. She has destroyed sacred images by the thousand, she has defaced sacred shrines, she has scattered the bones of the saints to the winds, she has practically forbidden their invocation, and therefore she practically denies their power or the usefulness of their intercession. In all this she is at variance with antiquity and with the rest, as he thinks it, of the present living Church. Her conduct and teaching on these points can only be justified on the ground that the rest of the Church, and all the generations of English Catholics from the time of St. Augustine to the Reformation, are and were guilty of idolatry. If that is true, then most assuredly the Church of God for many centuries failed altogether, and now only exists within the pale of the Anglican Establishment. At the same time, it is perfectly natural that many a good Anglican should feel his judgment considerably influenced by the difficulties from Scripture and history of which we have spoken. We shall endeavour presently to satisfy these difficulties, but it is right to insist at the outset on the point that the Anglican must in any case find himself in a true perplexity. No doubt, the reckless professional anti-Catholic writers can only rub their hands with glee when they seem to themselves to have made out that the Catholic Church is guilty of idolatry and "creature worship." It would be an equal source of delight to them to convince themselves that the great mass of Catholic Christians throughout the world worshipped the devil or practised the most

hideous immoralities. For such men we do not write, except to expose their misrepresentations. But the good Anglican whose Catholic instincts are still strong and unstified, will, we think, welcome gladly any explanation of the doctrine and practice of the Church in harmony with Scripture, even though such an explanation must inevitably reveal to him the unfaithfulness to truth and to charity of the Anglican Establishment.

II.

We must take Dr. Littledale as the latest defender of the Anglican position on this as well as on other subjects, although we are far from saying that Anglicanism is fortunate in its champion. We have already mentioned how he deals with this part of the controversy in general. He begins by a long string of texts about God being a jealous God, about His not giving His glory to another, or to graven images—about our Lord being the one single only way to the Father, about the Good Shepherd Who giveth His life for the sheep, about there being no salvation in any other, about the One Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus, about the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, about His being a faithful High Priest, able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Of this string of texts we can only say that it is nothing whatever to the point, and is of no use, unless it be meant to deceive. It is nothing whatever to the point, as Dr. Littledale ought very well to know. If all these texts about God and our Lord exclude all possible honour of any kind whatever being paid to creatures, then the whole ecclesiastical and civil hierarchy is a derogation from God's honour. If the single Mediatorship of our Lord is such as to make it wrong to ask the saints and angels in Heaven to intercede for us, then much more wrong was it for St. Paul and the other Apostles to ask the faithful to whom they wrote on earth to intercede for them, and, when Dr. Littledale recites the Anglican prayers for the Church Militant, or for the Queen, or for the High Court of Parliament, he encroaches most outrageously and wantonly, and with full knowledge of his sin, on the incommunicable office of our Lord. For, if it is wrong to ask others to pray for us, it is on the same ground wrong to pray for others. All this must be as plain as the sun at noon-day to Dr. Littledale. The natural conclusion which a reader who trusts himself to Dr. Littledale's guidance must draw from

this page in his work, is that some one whom he is attacking, and probably the whole Catholic Church, denies either in words or practically the truths which are set forth in this chain of texts. But this conclusion would be as false as a great many other conclusions which might naturally be drawn from Dr. Littledale's assertions.

We come next to a passage in which Dr. Littledale cites some texts of the New Testament which, unlike those of which we have been speaking, do require, and can very easily receive, due explanation. But we must first of all remark that Dr. Littledale passes over the Old Testament altogether. Why is this? The Old Testament is tolerably full of apparitions of Angels, and it might be as well to see, in the first place, what was right and what was wrong under the Old Dispensation in this respect. Now, in the first place, we have a number of most solemn apparitions, in which Angels have directly represented God, as in the case of the Angels who came to Abraham before the destruction of Sodom, the Angel who appeared to Moses in the bush, the Angel who gave, as St. Stephen tells us, the Law on Mount Sinai, and in these cases there is no doubt whatever as to the worship which was paid by the greatest Saints of the Old Testament. These Angels represented God, and were worshipped as God. Let it be granted, for the sake of argument, that in these cases the worship was entirely relative, still Dr. Littledale will not let us "relatively worship" an image of our Lord on the Cross without charging us with idolatry. However, there are other apparitions in which the Angels themselves seem to be the ultimate objects of veneration. Such was the case of Balaam. "The Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the Angel standing in the way with a drawn sword, and he worshipped him, falling flat on the ground."¹ Well, Balaam was a bad man—but what was Josue? "He lifted up his eyes, and saw a man standing over against him, holding a drawn sword, and he went to him and said, Art thou one of ours, or of our adversaries? And he answered, No, but I am prince of the host of the Lord, and now am I come. Josue fell on his face on the ground, and worshipping said, What saith my Lord to His servant?"² The same honour is paid to the Angel by Manoe and his wife, on the occasion of the apparition announcing the birth of Samson,³ and even to the Prophet Elias⁴ by

¹ Numb. xxii. 31.

² Josue v. 13—15.

³ Judges xiii.

⁴ 3 Kings xviii.

Abdias, and to Eliseus⁵ by the sons of the prophets. This then is a considerable argument for the Old Testament that, if "God is a jealous God," and will not give His honour to another, it is not contrary to His honour, but a way of honouring Him, which therefore provokes, not His jealousy or anger, but which brings a blessing on those who follow it, to worship and venerate the angels and saints.

Every Christian knows that what was lawful under the Old Testament in respect of the honour paid to creatures, cannot have become unlawful under the New Testament. Indeed, the great marvel of the Incarnation, by which a created nature was taken up by a Divine Person, has made a radical change in respect to this very subject-matter, both by "destroying the works of the devil," one of the chief of which, as we shall see, was the idolatrous worship of creatures, and by the immense elevation of human nature in the case of those who are one with Christ. It is therefore quite certain that it is at least as lawful to honour angels and saints under the New Testament as under the Old Testament. Thus Dr. Littledale has done very prudently in leaving alone the practice, so to call it, of the Old Testament, and in adducing, without reference to this, his difficulties from the New Testament. But any fair searcher for truth will endeavour to take the teaching of Scripture as a whole, and it is disloyal to Christian truth to leave out of consideration any passages which throw light on the subject which we are discussing.*

Dr. Littledale tells us that "we have only four examples in the New Testament of acts of reverence being done to saints, and in all these cases they were promptly rejected and forbidden, showing that they were offensive to the saints, as savouring of disloyalty to that God Whom they love and serve." The four instances are, St. Peter's rejection of the worship of Cornelius;⁶ the rejection by St. Paul and St. Barnabas of the sacrifice of the people of Lystra, who took them for Jupiter and Mercury;⁷ and the two occasions on which the Angel in the Apocalypse refused the worship of St. John, the Apostle and Evangelist.⁸ It seems strange how any one can really see any force in the first two instances. The words of the Sacred Scriptures explain the incidents. Cornelius was ready to take St. Peter for more than a man, and the people of Lystra were actually persuaded that

⁵ 4 Kings ii. 15.

⁶ Acts x. 15, 16.

⁷ Acts xiv. 13, 15.

⁸ Apoc. xix. 10; xxii. 8, 9.

two of their heathen deities had come down from Olympus, and they were about to offer to them abominable and idolatrous sacrifice. Put these passages by the side of those which we have quoted from the Old Testament, and it is clear that Elias and Eliseus, not to speak of the Angels, might be worshipped by persons who recognized in them the Saints of God, but that Peter and Paul might not be worshipped by persons who took them for more than they were, and those persons heathens. When the Catholic Church teaches that the saints are more than men, and that they are the "incarnations" of Jupiter and Mercury, these texts will begin to have some force in the way in which they are used by Dr. Littledale.

In the two passages from the Apocalypse, also, the meaning is made clear by the words of Scripture itself. In neither case has it been convenient for Dr. Littledale to give the texts in full—and this is not the only time, in the course of the present paper, when we shall have to make this remark. There can be no doubt that, for one being to receive worship from another, there must be superiority in the worshipped over the worshipper. The superiority may be either of nature or of position and office in the Kingdom of God. What Daniel was allowed to do to the Angel who appeared to him, what Josue did to the leader of the Lord's host, and Manoe and his wife to the Angel who announced to them the conception of their son, that St. John was not to do to the Angel of whom he writes. How is this? There can be but one answer which makes Scripture consistent with itself—but one answer which is consistent with the words of those very passages in the Apocalypse which Dr. Littledale has withdrawn from the cognizance of the readers of his own pages. The passage in the Apocalypse only requires to be written out at full: "I fell down before his feet to adore him. And he said to me, See thou do it not. *I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren* who have the testimony of Jesus. Adore God. For this testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." Again: "See thou do it not, *for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets*, and of them that keep the words of the prophecy of this book. Adore God." The text proves the immense dignity of the Apostle, Prophet, and Evangelist, and that is all.

These, then, are the Scriptural objections to any kind of *cultus* or worship of saints and angels, as adduced by Dr. Littledale. We contend that the teaching of Scripture must be taken

as a whole, and that, when it is so taken, it not only presents no difficulty against the practice of the Church, but most strongly confirms and supports it.

III.

We may add that what has been said of the evidence of Sacred Scripture, must also in fairness be said of the testimony of the Fathers. We should justly be considered as one-sided if we were to adduce all the testimonies from antiquity in favour of the invocation and worship of the Saints, and take no notice of the occasional passages which may suggest difficulties. To do the first, we should have to go to great length, as our readers will understand, when we say that in one author alone, Thomassinus, the evidence from the Fathers in support of the Catholic doctrine and practice occupies about fifty pages of a quarto volume in double columns. We say it would be unfair to ignore the fact that there are certain passages in Arnobius, Lactantius, Origen, and perhaps one or two others, from which we may gather—what might even without this evidence have been thought probable—that the Church in some parts of the world kept back the practice of honouring Angels and Saints, on account of the danger that might perhaps ensue, in populations lately converted from heathenism, of a mistake about the degree of worship which was to be paid them. If this would be unfair in a Catholic writer, it is at least equally unfair in a writer in Dr. Littledale's position to give the few passages which create difficulties without a word of the far larger mass of evidence on the other side. Dr. Littledale's words imply that there is no evidence from the Fathers in favour of the worship of Saints and Angels. "Seeing," he says, "how clear is the evidence of the early Christian Fathers against any practice of invocation of the kind now popular." Then he says, "Here are a few examples," and leaves his readers to think that there is not the slightest conflict. The truth is, that the evidence on the other side very far preponderates, and it comes from Fathers of the greatest name in the Church. With this general protest, we pass on to the examination of Dr. Littledale's passages against the practice of Catholics. Here again we shall have to point out that his unfairness of quotation amounts to an inveterate habit. Perhaps he may have taken the passages which he quotes from some older writers on the same side, without examination. Certainly, his inaccuracy is a phenomenon which requires explanation.

Dr. Littledale, in that part of his work of which we are now speaking, quotes the following Fathers against what he conceives to be the Catholic doctrine and practice—St. Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Origen (twice), St. Athanasius. He also quotes the Council of Laodicea (360 A.D.) and St. Chrysostom on the Colossians ii. 18. The mention of the Epistle to the Colossians leads us to remark that it requires explanation why Dr. Littledale has not quoted the text itself of St. Paul against the Catholic doctrine. Perhaps he was ashamed to do this, but if he cannot quote St. Paul, why quote a commentator upon him to the same purpose? Again, the mention of the text about the "voluntary humility and religion of angels," suggests the remark that even in the time of the Apostles there were heretics and false teachers, a part of whose doctrines were connected with the strange Eastern systems in which various orders of Æons and spiritual beings played so large a part. In many cases these doctrines appear to have attributed to such spirits, whether bad or good, the creation and government of the world, and thus the mention of "angels" in the Epistles and in the early Christian writers refers by no means exclusively to good spirits, working in subordination to God and the "Head," as St. Paul calls Him in the passage to the Colossians of which we are speaking—our Lord. Thus the language of the early Fathers requires to be examined in each place that may be quoted in a controversy of this kind, in order that it may be ascertained to what kind of angel or spirit the writer refers.

This being premised, we may proceed to the examination of Dr. Littledale's series of texts. The first of these is from St. Irenæus, whom, as usual, he mutilates, leaving out the very words which serve to guide the reader to the meaning of the Saint. St. Irenæus, speaking of the Church, says—we use Dr. Littledale's translation as far as it goes—"As she has freely (*gratis*) received from God, so does she freely (*gratis*) administer, nor does she anything by angelical invocations or incantations, or the other forms of bad curiosity" (*curiositas* appears to signify strange and unbecoming observance), but by directing her prayers clearly, purely, and openly to the Lord *Who made all things*, and calling on the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."⁹ The reference is obviously to some heretical and superstitious rites, inconsistent with the doctrine of the creation of all things by God.

⁹ Iren. c. Her. ii. 32.

Clement of Alexandria follows: "Since there is only one good God, Whom we ourselves and the angels supplicate, from Him alone." Most true—and if men supplicate from Him, why may not they ask other men to do the same, and if angels pray to Him, for whom do they pray, except for others than themselves? This passage, again, is mutilated, for the context shows that the Father is speaking of prayer to God *as God*. "It is extreme ignorance," he says, "to seek from those who are not gods *as if they were gods*—whence rightly, as there is one good God, from Him do we and the angels, though not in the same manner, pray that some goods may be given to us, and that others may remain to us."¹⁰

Next comes Origen, who also, as is clear from the context, is speaking against giving *Divine* honour to angels. "Every prayer and supplication and intercession and thanksgiving is to be sent up to God, Who is above all, through the High Priest, Who is above all angels, He being Word and God. For it is not reasonable that they who do not understand the knowledge of angels, which is above man's, should invoke them. If their knowledge . . . were understood, this very knowledge would not suffer us to dare to pray to any other but to God, the Lord over all, Who is sufficient for all, through our Saviour, the Son of God."¹¹ Origen is arguing, as any one may see who examines the context, against giving *Divine* honour to angels. He says in so many words they are not to be worshipped *instead of God*. "Although the angels are sometimes called 'gods' in Scripture, because they are divine, yet never will you find it there laid down that we should venerate and worship instead of God those whose business it is to minister to us and convey God's gifts to us." It may very well be conceded that we have to gather that Origen meant to speak of *Divine* worship, and not of secondary worship, from the obvious import of the passage, rather than from his drawing the distinction himself. We maintain that in this controversy he did not wish to draw this distinction, and that it was the prudence of the Church that withheld him. But it does not follow that his words mean more than they naturally will bear, and their object is most clearly to limit *Divine* honour to God alone. It may be added that, although it would have been entirely out of place in the controversy with Celsus to speak of the honour duly paid to angels and saints, Origen does not fail to let us see that he might have said something on this

¹⁰ *Strom.* vii. 7.

¹¹ *Cont. Celsus*, viii.

point if it had been to his purpose. In the next book against Celsus, in answering one of his objections that we ought to serve the ministers of God as well as God, he says that if this was to be understood of true ministers of God, after His only Son, such as Gabriel or Michael, or the other Angels and Archangels, he (Origen) might have something to say as to this important point, after purifying the meaning of that word, "to serve, and the actions in which that service should be shown." That is, he would teach, if it were his purpose, the true honour and veneration due to the angels, but in the present controversy he is all through occupied with the heathen divinities, demons, or heroes, all of whom he treats as *evil* spirits.¹²

We next come to St. Athanasius, from whom Dr. Littledale quotes a passage in his first oration against the Arians. The quotation is worth examination, as it gives us a fair measure of Dr. Littledale's scholarship and of his acquaintance with the argument of St. Athanasius. One of the arguments used by the Arians against the Divinity of our Lord was the Scriptural use of Him, of words expressing transition, "becoming," such as *γενητός* and *γενέσθαι*. St. Athanasius replies that the same words are used in Scripture of the Father, and he quotes as an example the Psalms "*become* my strong rock and house of defence," "the Lord *became* a defence of the oppressed," &c. St. Athanasius goes on to say, perhaps they will apply these words to the Son, which may be nearest the truth. If they do, he says, let them understand how it is that He "*becomes*" a refuge, and the like. It is not that He is a creature, but that He becomes Incarnate, and in His Incarnate Presence becomes a strong rock, &c., when He bears the penalty of our sins. This is the simple meaning of the passage which Dr. Littledale thus represents: "It is written, 'Be (Become) my protecting God, my house of refuge and succour,' and 'the Lord is (it should be —become) the refuge of the poor,' and whatever things of the same sort are found in Scripture. But if they say that these things are spoken of the Son, which would perhaps be true, let them confess that the saints did not think of calling on a created being to be their helper and house of refuge."¹³ A more ludicrous instance of ignorant quotation can scarcely be conceived.

¹² Dr. Littledale quotes next another passage from Origen on Ezekiel. His reference is wrong, and we can find no such passage.

¹³ *Contr. Arianos*, Orat. i. There is a play in the words—*μή ὅντα γενητὸν αὐτὸν ἀξιοῦσι γενέσθαι βοηθόν*—which Dr. Littledale altogether misrepresents.

We next come to the Council of Laodicea. The canon of this Council which relates to the "worship" of angels is explained by Theodoret (who wrote about sixty years later) as having reference to the same superstitions with those which are spoken of in St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians. They were practised by Judaizing heretics, who taught that the angels were to be worshipped as having given the Law. Theodoret's account of these heretics is that they taught that the God of all things could neither be seen nor comprehended nor approached, and that therefore men were to use angels to win His favour and pardon. They left out the Incarnate Son altogether. It is not wonderful that such worshipping of angels should have been forbidden, and it was evidently heretical. The canon is one of a series which forbids intercourse with heretics. Christians are not to marry with them,¹⁴ not to receive the "blessed bread" from them,¹⁵ not to pray with them,¹⁶ not to venerate their (false) martyrs,¹⁷ and "not to leave the Church of God, and go away, and call on angels (*ἀνομάζειν*),¹⁸ and make communions or celebrations (*συνάξεις*),¹⁹ which is forbidden. If then any one be found occupied in this hidden idolatry, let him be anathema." It is clearly an heretical and superstitious worship of angels which is forbidden, for, that the Church honoured the angels is clear enough from the Fathers—the passages from whom on this subject Dr. Littledale could not be expected to quote. His object is to throw dirt, not to seek out patiently the mind of antiquity by comparing together all that antiquity says on the subject.

Dr. Littledale closes his remarks in this place by allowing that "we find the first germs of the practice at the close of the fourth century in St. Gregory Nazianzen and St. Gregory Nyssen." This is certainly not the case, unless St. Justin and Origen lived later than these two Saints. He goes on to say that St. Chrysostom, in his Commentary on Colossians ii, says that the words of St. Paul about the "voluntary humility and worshipping of angels" refer to such as say that we must not approach God through Christ's mediation, that being too great a thing for us, but through the angels—"exactly," concludes Dr. Littledale, "the popular Roman plea." Here both the "popular Roman plea" and St. Chrysostom, not to say St. Paul, are equally misrepresented. It is very plainly indeed one thing to

¹⁴ Can. 31.

¹⁵ Can. 32.

¹⁶ Can. 33.

¹⁷ Can. 34.

¹⁸ Can. 35.

¹⁹ Can. 36.

honour and venerate the angels, and to invoke their intercession, quite another to say that we are to approach God by them without the mediation of our Lord. St. Chrysostom's words are, "There were some who said, we ought not to be brought to God, *προσάγεισθαι*, through Christ, but through the angels, for that other thing is beyond our reach. Wherefore he insists so much on what is said concerning Christ, that we are reconciled by the Blood of the Cross, that He suffered for us, that He loved us." St. Chrysostom evidently considers St. Paul to be attacking a false worship which denied our reconciliation to God by our Lord, which is a very different thing from a worship which draws nigh to God through our Lord, and to our Lord by means of the angels. No "modern Roman" ever thought of invoking angel or saint as the worker of a mediation which it was too much for us to have from our Lord. No "modern Roman," whatever Dr. Littledale may say, falls under the rebuke of the remaining words of St. Paul's passage, which make his meaning clear, "not holding the Head, from which the whole body, by joints and bands being supplied with nourishment and compacted, groweth unto the increase of God." Most certainly, honour paid to saint or angel independently of our Lord and as independent mediators with God, would show that we did not hold the Head. But if we hold the Head, we may safely also hold the "whole body"—and it is a denial of God's goodness and truth concerning the whole Body of Christ, for any member to declare, as St. Paul says elsewhere, that he will have nothing to do with any other member. The angels and saints are as much members of Christ's Body, in this sense, as we are ourselves, and our nourishment and increase must, in the good counsel of God, be supplied by the mutual working and help of the "joints and bands" and members one to another. To deny the office of saints and angels to us—a denial involved in the doctrine of Dr. Littledale—is a denial of the Communion of Saints and the Unity of the true Body of Jesus Christ.

IV.

Before proceeding to the direct discussion of the difficulties which may be raised, either from Sacred Scripture or from the Fathers, on the subject of holy images and the honour that is paid to them in the Church, it will be well to clear away a few ambiguities of language and confusions of thought which are, in truth, the main supports of the anti-Catholic argument. In

the first place, it is necessary to distinguish between an image and an idol. An image is any representation at all of a person or thing, say, of our Blessed Lord, His Blessed Mother, the Cross, an angel, and the like. An idol, εἰδωλον, in common language signifies the unreal appearance of something, a phantom, or a ghost. The ecclesiastical meaning of an idol is the representation of a false god, whether that representation or image be held or not to be itself divine. Idolatry, therefore, is the worship of the image of a false god, whether that worship terminates in the idol itself, or whether it pass on, in the mind of the worshipper, to the false deity. Thus there can be no idolatry, unless either the worship which is used to an image or representation terminates in that image itself, as when the wood or stone is believed to have Divine power, or the worship be directed, even relatively, to a false deity represented by that image. In the case of the veneration paid to the images of the saints by Christians, the veneration is of the secondary kind of worship, and is not the honour paid to God, and besides this, the veneration is relative, that is, it does not rest on the image itself, but on the person whom the image represents. This is the account given by the Council of Trent, and it is the same as that which has been given by the Church in all the controversies concerning holy images, and by the Fathers who have written on this subject. Images are to be venerated, "not that any divinity or power, as for which they are to be honoured, is believed to be in them, or that anything is to be asked of them, or that any trust is to be placed in them, as was the practice of old of the heathen, who placed their faith in them, but because the honour which is paid to them is referred to the prototypes which they represent, so that, by means of the images which we kiss, or before which we uncover our heads or kneel, we adore Christ and venerate the saints whose likeness they bear." It is also to be added that, great as are the advantages of sacred images and representations when they are faithfully used, they are still indifferent matters in the system of the Church. Their use is lawful and pious, but the Church in certain times and places, and under certain circumstances, may moderate her permissions and encouragements according to the spiritual welfare of her children. Thus the Jews were always prone to idolatry, and we find, in consequence, a very sparing use in the Synagogue of sacred representations. Again, in the early ages of the Church a great mass of converts came

straight from heathen idolatry and superstition. Thus it cannot be surprising if in the early ages we find strong language among the apologists for Christianity against heathen idolatry, and, on the other hand, a cautious indulgence in the natural instincts of piety in regard to the representation of the Christian objects of worship, in the widest sense of the word. And, again, it is quite clear that the ecclesiastical use of sacred images is a thing that we cannot expect to find full-blown, as it were, in the times of persecution, before the Christians had commonly any churches at all. It is quite enough to find that, as soon as peace was given to the Church by Constantine, this holy practice, like so many others, became largely prevalent, and that when, in the eighth century, the war against images was begun, first by a Mohammedan Caliph and then by Leo the Isaurian and his successors, the whole Christian world was as full of them as England was full of them before the Supreme Rulers of the Establishment decreed their destruction.

There is also a further truth cognate to this subject which must be insisted on in order that we may understand the language of Scripture, especially of St. Paul, and of the early Fathers, on this matter of idols and idolatry. The account of the origin of idolatry and of the whole system of false worship in which heathenism resulted, is partially given in some celebrated passages of Scripture, especially in the Book of Wisdom, in which the natural desire to commemorate the great or the beloved among the dead, and the like, is set down as one of its causes. Again, St. Paul, in his famous opening of the Epistle to the Romans, reveals still more the judicial character of the chastisement on human forgetfulness of God, which allowed those who might have known Him, to debase themselves by idolatry and the foul abominations connected with it. But there is yet another feature to be added in order to make the Scripture account of idolatry complete—and that feature is the action in the matter of the deadly enemies of God and men, the evil spirits, fallen angels, Satan and his host. This feature is expressed in the words of the Psalm, *omnes dii gentium demonia*, and in those of St. Paul, where he tells the Corinthians that, when the heathen sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils and not to God. This idea seems never to be absent from the minds of the early Christians and their Apologists, it was expressed by hundreds and thousands of martyrs when they refused to burn incense to Jupiter and the other false gods, knowing all the

time, as St. Paul also says, that an idol is nothing in the world, a mere bit of wood or stone. It is not too much to say that this was the dominant feature in the early Christian view, as may be seen, indeed, by any one who turns over the pages of such works as that of Origen against Celsus, of which we had lately to speak. Not only were the devils worshipped under the name of the heathen deities, drawing to themselves thereby, as a crowning insult to God, the feelings and emotions of piety and gratitude and reverence which were implanted in human nature in order to reach forth and feel after Him, but they took care also that this insolence against the Creator and Lord of all should be intimately united with the foulest moral degradation of the creature whom He had made upright, and that not only false deities, but human passions, sensuality, avarice, cruelty, perfidy, should be worshipped by rites such as befitted such divinities. To any one who has studied ancient heathenism even in its best manifestations in the literature and culture of Greece and Rome, to any one who in any degree has examined what modern heathenism is in the parts of the world in which it is still rampant, what are its gods, what are its religious rites, what its teaching, what its regard even for the natural law, the idea that its idolatry can have anything in common with Catholic worship of saints and angels will at once appear as hideously unreasonable as it is blasphemous to God and calumnious of His Church.

V.

Dr. Littledale, as has been said, does not scruple to bring this accusation, and the sections in which he makes his charge are of considerable length. We shall deal with them a little out of the order in which they stand, for the sake of mentioning the passage which he cites from the Fathers before we go on to some curious misrepresentations of history and of St. Thomas Aquinas. First, however, we must get rid in one short sentence of a statement of fact in which he almost surpasses himself. He declares that all that part of the Ten Commandments which forbids the making of graven images for the purpose of religious honour is suppressed in every popular Roman Catechism. This statement is simply "the thing that is not." There have, as Dr. Littledale confesses, been differences from the earliest times as to the distribution of the commandments, and the theological opinion which supposes the part of the commandment to which

he alludes not to be intended for Christians appears to us to be true. It would not be surprising if this part of the text of Exodus had been omitted in Catholic Catechisms, *not* as a part of the Decalogue binding on Christians, but as a part of the text not belonging to the commandment, just as we may suppose that the whole text of the verses containing the commandment about the Sabbath need not be given in a Christian list of the Commandments. It is therefore a question simply of fact, not of right and wrong. A man must have quite a mania for misrepresentation to go out of his way for it in a case like this. But as to Dr. Littledale's statement about the Catechism, and as to his compassionate anxiety whether in practice one Catholic in a million ever knows that "image-worship" has been Scripturally forbidden at all, we can only say that the statement is false and the compassion superfluous. The four popular Catechisms with which we are familiar, the Catechism lately put forth by authority, the Catechism which preceded it in use, Fander's Catechism, and the well-known old English manual called the Poor Man's Catechism, all contain most explicit statements and teaching on this subject. On the other hand, we are not aware that the Establishment ever lets its children know the difference between an "image" and an "idol."

We shall now proceed to examine Dr. Littledale's series of quotations from the Christian Fathers against the worship of images. He quotes St. Irenæus, Minucius Felix, Origen, Lactantius, the Council of Elvira, Eusebius, St. Epiphanius, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine.

The passage from St. Irenæus²⁰ is simply his description of the Carpocratian heretics. It is somewhat suspicious that Dr. Littledale does not give the words. We shall supply the omission, and that will be quite sufficient. What the Carpocratians are condemned for by him is not simply the having images of our Lord, but their manner of showing them honour, and especially the company in which they placed Him. "The Carpocratians," says St. Irenæus, "have images, some painted, others made of other materials, calling them the likeness of Christ made by Pilate when He was among men. These they crown and set up with other images of philosophers of the world, such as Plato, Pythagoras, Aristotle, and others, and they show them honour in other ways in like manner as do the heathen." The words of St. Irenæus do not prove that the Carpocratians differed from

²⁰ i. 25.

Christians simply as honouring images, but as honouring those of our Lord in a pagan way, along with the images of heathen philosophers.

Dr. Littledale goes on to quote Minucius Felix, whose words about the non-worship of crosses, as the heathen worship them on standards, can only prove that if Christians honoured crosses, it was with no idolatrous worship. In the same way he quotes Lactantius to the effect that "wherever there is an image, there is no religion, for religion consists of heavenly things, and nothing that is not heavenly is Divine." The reason given by Lactantius is sufficient to explain its meeting. He is speaking against the worship of images as Divine. Dr. Littledale himself would not agree with him in any other sense but that in which a Catholic would agree with him. Lactantius, like Arnobius and Minucius Felix, is a writer of no peremptory authority. His words, if they have any weight, have it because they witness to his own experience of what prevailed among the Catholics in his time and country. We may say of him, as we have already said of Origen, that it was not his business in that controversy to draw out the gradations of worship, as they were drawn out by the practice of the Church when and where they prevailed. It is nothing against the Church's use of holy images if they were not always used, nor is it against her doctrine if some holy writers of no great authority give reasons against the use of images which do not avail against her present use of them.

Dr. Littledale has three passages from Origen on this subject. In the first he, as usual, leaves out the words which guide the reader to the sense of the author, and in this case the words which he omits show that Origen is attacking the worship of idols in the sense which we have before explained. This has nothing to do with the Christian use of holy images. It is the same with another, in which Origen prefixes to some words quoted by Dr. Littledale a sentence which speaks of the wise men of the world "who were not ashamed to address inanimate things as if they *were gods or the images of gods.*" These words are, of course, omitted by Dr. Littledale. Here again the reader is misled, and the passages have nothing to do with the Catholic practice. It is weary work going through all this long string of garbled passages—they prove absolutely nothing against the Church.

We must, however, find room for notice of at least two more of these passages collected by Dr. Littledale. The first shall be

his well-known canon of the Council of Elvira (A.D. 306), by which pictures in churches are forbidden, "lest what is worshipped and adored be painted on the walls." It is perhaps not quite easy to decide between the various interpretations which may be offered to this canon; and it is not against the Catholic practice if this particular Spanish synod proscribed pictures altogether. It was a severe synod in many of its enactments, and there may have been local reasons for its severity. Protestants are welcome to choose between the two classes of pictures to which it is possible that the words refer. They were either representations of God, and then the prohibition resolves itself into an order that the invisible Godhead should not be materially represented, or they were pictures of saints and angels, and then it follows that according to the Council of Elvira saints and angels were adored and worshipped at the beginning of the fourth century, and with a worship so high and reverential that there was in some way a danger of profanity in representing their forms in painting. Neither interpretation, we should imagine, will be very serviceable to Dr. Littledale.

But now let us pass to a passage from St. Augustine, which Dr. Littledale is so proud of that he prints it triumphantly in parallel columns with the passage from the Council of Trent on the honour to be paid to them. What a delightful thing to get the Council of Trent on one side and St. Augustine so pat and clear on the other! Well—we are afraid that we might have to put the Council of the Church above a single Father in a matter in which he does not express a tradition. But happily in the present case we are under no need of remembering that even St. Augustine may here and there be *cauté legendus*, and that a Council speaks with an authority as to which no caution is required. The difficulty in the passage of St. Augustine as it stands in Dr. Littledale's pages, is produced by a device to which the last-named writer, as our readers know too well, is quite in the habit of having recourse when it suits him, to wit, the suppression of important words which explain the whole. It may be worth while to give a few lines to this instance of Dr. Littledale's controversial practices, because the passage of St. Augustine illustrates something which we have already laid down in our account of the true ecclesiastical meaning of idolatry. It will be remembered that we said that idolatry might be committed, either by the worship of an image as having in itself Divine power, or as representing a false god. With this

simple definition in our minds, the two passages over which Dr. Littledale gloats as contradicting one another become perfectly clear and perfectly harmonious. The Council of Trent says that holy images are to be honoured

—not because there is believed to be in them any divinity or virtue, on account of which they are to be worshipped, or because from them anything is to be asked, or because trust is to be reposed in images, as the heathen of old put their trust in idols: but because the honour which is paid [Dr. Littledale says "exhibited," which he apparently thinks is the proper English translation for *exhibitus*] is referred to the prototypes which they represent, &c.

Dr. Littledale of course does not question this, but his argument is, that this is the very excuse that some of the heathens made for their worship of idols. He is fond of this discovery, which he makes use of, if we remember right, as many as three times over in the course of his argument. That he does so is to us a sign of that inveterate paganism of all his notions about worship on which we had to comment in our last article. It really seems to make no difference to him whether an image represents our Lord or Jupiter. It may be very true that this excuse was used by the more learned and refined among idolaters, especially after some experience of Christian controversy, but what of that? The reason for the defence of images, drawn from the fact that they are but images, the objects of a relative *cultus*, is valid enough when the "prototypes" which they represent are true objects of worship, not when they are false objects of worship. Let us hear now what St. Augustine says—only we shall take the liberty of putting before our readers, what Dr. Littledale does not put before his readers, the whole passage of the Doctor of the Church—

But some disputant, who thinks himself learned, comes forward and says, "I do not worship a statue, nor that image which is without feeling, for it is not possible that your prophets should have known that they have eyes and see not, and that I should be ignorant that the image in question has no soul, and sees not with its eyes, nor hears with its ears. I do not worship *that*, but I bow before (*adoro*) what I see, and serve him I do not see."

Now let us observe how St. Augustine deals with this defence. It is by pointing out *who it is they worship*.

"Who is he? Some irresistible power," he replies, "which presides over the image." By giving this sort of explanation of their images they think themselves very clever as not worshippers of idols.

Here Dr. Littledale stops, but St. Augustine does not stop—

*Et colunt dæmonia. Etenim fratres, "quæ immolant gentes, dæmoniis immolant non Deo!" non ergo hinc se excusent quod quasi idolis insensatis dediti non sunt: dæmoniis magis dediti sunt, quod est periculosius.*²¹

We need not say much upon the use made by Dr. Littledale of the case of the letters of St. Gregory the Great to Serenus, Bishop of Marseilles, as it is clear that all through St. Gregory uses the word *adorare* in the sense of worship which gives *Divine* honour.

In the passage in which he speaks of the "falsely-styled Seventh General Council" (of Nicæa), Dr. Littledale separates himself from the Anglican party who go by the Holy Undivided Church. His account of the Council of Frankfort is altogether one-sided. He leaves out two most important facts—one, that the bishops present at the Council had before them a false translation of the Acts of the Council of Nicæa, on which alone they acted,²² while their real opinions were the same with those of the Fathers of that Council, and the other, that the Frank bishops entirely adhered to the doctrine of St. Gregory, and declared that they permitted images, whether in churches or elsewhere, to be made out of love of God and of His Saints, and forbade their destruction, though they did not allow their worship in the highest sense of the word.

VI.

We have reserved for the conclusion of this examination of Dr. Littledale's attack on the Church on this point, some remarks on his treatment of the doctrine of St. Thomas concerning worship, which he has misunderstood and misrepresented quite as much as that of any other of the writers whom he has quoted. His attack on St. Thomas is twice repeated. It occurs first in a section (xv.) which is headed, "Proof that the Roman Image Worship is Idolatrous," and again after his

²¹ In Psalm xcvi. 11.—"They think themselves very clever, as not worshippers of idols, and they worship devils. For, my brethren, 'what the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils.' So they must not hence excuse themselves as not being given to idols—they are rather given to devils, which is more dangerous."

²² The Synod of Frankfort refused to receive the "Synod of Constantinople" (Nicæa), "which has anathematized any one who will not pay to the images of the saints *servitium et adorationem*, as to the Blessed Trinity. All the Bishops present refused to render '*adorationem et servitium* to images.' This sentence, says Hefele, attributes to the Council of Nicæa a doctrine diametrically opposed to that which it really professed" (*Conciles*, t. v. 113).

remarks on the Council of Frankfort, which, he declares, rejects and denies the doctrine of St. Thomas. First, as to the section named. The proof of the idolatry of Catholic image worship consists in the assertion that there is in the Church of Sta. Maria del Divin' Amore a yearly festival, not of the Saint, nor yet of the church, but of the sacred image there preserved. We have already noticed the absurdity of such an argument. We have no recollection at this moment of that particular picture in that particular church, but whatever festival may be kept on the day named by Dr. Littledale, it is a festival in honour of God principally and, in a secondary manner, of the Blessed Mother of God. Very likely there is some history about the picture, which connects it with some miracle or marvellous deliverance by God, and on that account the festival is kept on that day—as, when Dr. Littledale was younger than he is now, he used to go to church on the 5th of November to thank God for His mercies in the discovery of Guy Fawkes, and for the landing of William the Third. How this anniversary can be connected with idolatry we cannot even understand. Then, he says, there is a miraculous statue of our Lady and our Lord in the Church of St. Agostino, and an indulgence granted for kissing its feet. What of that? How does that prove that the honour paid to the image is not simply relative? And so with his instance of the Bambino of Ara Coeli, and a whole multitude of miraculous images which we could inform him of if he likes. His statement "that when a special picture or image is no longer regarded as a mere historical memorial, on an exact level, for that purpose, with every other one representing the same person or event, but as endowed with supernatural powers, and to be revered accordingly, that is idolatry in the strictest sense," is not true. It was idolatry, then, in the multitude who gathered in the five porches of the pool spoken of by St. John in his fifth chapter, to regard the waters of that pool as "endowed with supernatural power" at a particular time and for a particular purpose? Why was that water better than any other water? Why did it heal one man only, and not a multitude? If this took place at a Catholic shrine, Dr. Littledale would be bound to call it idolatrous and superstitious. The honour paid to a miraculous image is no more idolatrous or absolute, than the honour paid to any other image. It rests exactly as much, and no less, on the prototype than that other honour. We should like to know what Dr. Littledale thinks Catholics mean by a

"miraculous image." We suspect that here again we should come upon a bit of Paganism like those which we have already noticed.²³ The dispensation of miraculous cures or "graces," as they are commonly called in Catholic countries, is a large and beautiful subject, of which Dr. Littledale knows nothing and believes nothing, but of which our Catholic ancestors in England knew a great deal. The devotion which it elicits has no more to do with idolatry than had the devotion of the people who put their sick out in beds along the streets that the shadow of Peter might fall upon them, or the people who sought for the handkerchiefs which had touched St. Paul's person, and were cured by them.

But we are long in getting to St. Thomas. Dr. Littledale, as usual, misquotes him, and leaves out important words. But it may be as well to preface what we have to say on this subject with a few remarks which may illustrate the Catholic teaching as to the kind of "*cultus*" which is paid to sacred images. It will then be seen how much Dr. Littledale has understood about St. Thomas. There are, then, three different opinions maintained in Catholic schools as to this *cultus*. We presume that our readers are familiar with the distinction between the *cultus latriæ*, which is worship in its highest sense, and belongs to God alone, and the *cultus duliæ*, the inferior worship and honour given to the saints. We may also take it for granted that they understand, what Dr. Littledale, apparently, does not understand—the difference between the absolute *cultus* of either of the grades already mentioned, which is paid to the object itself, and the relative *cultus*, also of either grade, of *latria* or *dulia*, which passes on from its immediate object to the prototype which that object represents. Thus we may say there are two kinds of *cultus*, absolute and relative, and two grades of *cultus*, *latria* and *dulia*. *Cultus* of either grade may also be of either kind. This being premised, there are three opinions in the Catholic schools as to the *cultus* of images. One teaches that they are to receive no worship whatever, but that only before them and through them

²³ "The Catholic Church has never believed that there was in the image, taken in itself, any Divine, efficacious, or marvellous virtue. But no one will call in question that God can choose what instrument He pleases for the transmission of His grace, and that the Almighty has, as a matter of fact, attached marks of His favour, now to one vehicle, and then again to another. This is a fact absolutely incontestable for any one who is not completely infected with the contagion of historical scepticism" (*Kirchen Lexicon in voc.*).

that which they represent is to receive due worship. The second opinion maintains that images are to receive *relative* worship of exactly the same grade, whether of *latria* or *dulia*, which is due to the prototype. The third opinion takes a middle course, and teaches that sacred images are to be honoured in themselves, but always with an honour less than that which is due to the prototype. Thus three disciples of three several schools might kneel and kiss the feet of an image of our Lord on His Cross. The first would pay no direct honour to the image, but only through it to our Lord. The second would pay to the image *relative* worship of the grade due to our Lord, therefore *latria*. The third would pay direct honour to the image, but honour less in grade than that due to our Lord Himself, as there represented, that is, than *latria*. The ground of the first opinion would be that materially speaking, the image is mere wood or stone, and has no right to worship. The ground of the second opinion would be that the image places before us the prototype, and that thus, though improperly and accidentally, it receives the worship which is due to the prototype, and the worship passes through it to that prototype—the interior worship of the heart resting on that, the external worship of the body being paid to the image. The ground of the third opinion would be that an image is a sacred thing, consecrated to religion, devotion, and worship, as a chalice is consecrated to use in the sacred mysteries, and in that sense a kind of honour is due to it, not that in itself it is capable of being an object of worship, but that the honour paid to the prototype overflows, as it were, upon the image, and endows it with a kind of dignity to which a lower kind of *cultus* corresponds. All these opinions are intelligible enough, and it need hardly be said, not one justifies in an opponent the charge that it sanctions idolatry. The first allows no *cultus* at all; the second allows only relative *cultus*; and the third allows only an inferior *cultus*. Dr. Littledale may choose which he likes as the object of his assaults, but he has no right to misrepresent any one of them, much less to garble the words of a writer—even though he be St. Thomas—who holds or defends it.

Dr. Littledale quotes three passages from St. Thomas, and we shall see how he quotes them. In his Third Part, the holy Doctor discusses the question III. q. 25, act 3, whether the image of Christ is to be adored with the adoration of *latria*. His answer is, that to the image of Christ, in itself, "in quantum

"est res quædam, puta lignum sculptum vel pictum, *nulla reverentia exhibetur*"—for reverence can only be paid to rational creatures. "It remains therefore," he goes on, "that reverence be shown it only in so far as it is an image." Here then St. Thomas says distinctly, what no reader of Dr. Littledale is informed, that to the image in itself no reverence is paid. All this Dr. Littledale leaves out. St. Thomas goes on—"and in this way it follows that the same reverence is shown to the image of Christ, as to Christ Himself. Since therefore Christ is adored with the adoration of *latria*, it follows that His image is to be adored with the adoration of *latria*." That is, with *relative* worship of the grade of *latria*. But who would gather that St. Thomas had said this from Dr. Littledale's mutilation of his words?

St. Thomas proceeds in his next article to inquire whether the Cross is to be adored with the same adoration of *latria*. He says that no insensible thing can be the object of veneration, except from its relation to some rational creature. It may have veneration in two ways, either as representing what deserves veneration, or from being in some way united or joined to it. Thus we honour the picture of a King as representing him, and we honour his robes as being in some way united to him. In each case the veneration is that which is owed to the King. Then, he says, the Cross merits our veneration in both ways. It both *represents* to us Christ extended upon it, and it has been touched by His limbs and bedewed with His Blood, and thus it is *joined* to Him. All this part of St. Thomas' statement is omitted by Dr. Littledale. Then St. Thomas goes on, and Dr. Littledale begins. "Hence in both ways"—Dr. Littledale does not give his readers the chance of knowing what these two ways are—"the Cross is adored with the same adoration as Christ, that is, with the adoration of *latria*. And on this account we also address the Cross, and implore it, as if it were the Crucified Himself" *quasi*—Dr. Littledale translates this simple Latin word "*just as we do*." Then Dr. Littledale stops, and St. Thomas goes on. Thus much for the Cross itself. "But if we speak of the image of the Cross of any other material—stone, wood, silver, or gold—then we venerate the Cross only as the image of Christ, which, as has been said above, we adore with the (relative) adoration of *latria*."

We hardly understand why Dr. Littledale has added his

third quotation, which he says is from St. Thomas, but is really, as it appears, from one of the commentators on the Angelical Doctor, Nicolai.²⁴ For that passage of the commentator uses the very word *relative*, which is all that is required to enlighten the readers of the *Plain Reasons* as to the meaning of the Catholic teaching. Perhaps we ought to congratulate Dr. Littledale on this unusual piece of candour; but on examining his quotation, we find so many reasons for thinking that he did not know what he was about, that we are inclined to think that his "omission to omit" this dangerous word was a mere slip. Even Homer sometimes nods. St. Thomas is speaking of the sin of idolatry, and is meeting the objection that the Angels and Saints are our superiors, and so deserve reverence. He says, "Neither in the Tabernacle nor in the Temple of the Old Law, neither now in the Church, are images set up that the worship of *latría* may be paid them, but for a certain significancy, that by such images the faith concerning the excellence of Angels and Saints may be imprinted in the minds of men and confirmed." Then Nicolai adds what Dr. Littledale, having left out the words of St. Thomas, quotes as his: "Although on this very account that the images of the Saints signify their excellence, they may and ought to be adored by a certain inferior adoration or *dulia*, as the Saints themselves, whom they represent, and this not the *absolute dulia* which is paid to the Saints themselves, but *relative only*." We must confess that we do not here see anything to explain. There is nothing here contrary either to the Fathers, or the Councils, or Scripture, or common sense.

On the whole, therefore, we may say with confidence, that if the charge of idolatrous worship, either of Saints or of Images, against the Catholic Church rests on no more solid foundation than that which is to be found in the *Plain Reasons* of Dr. Littledale, it must fall to the ground as a very ordinary piece of slander. It is supported neither by reason, nor by Scripture, nor by the Fathers, nor is it consistent with the practice of what even Anglicans admit to be the largest portion of the Catholic Church. But if this charge be not true, what are we to think, on the other hand, of the Anglican Establishment, which has practically deprived its children of all the aid that they may gain by invoking the Saints and Angels, and of all the powerful incentives to devotion which Catholics are in the habit of finding in their use of sacred images, pictures, and statues!

²⁴ *Summa*, 2a. 2a. qu. 94. a. 2.

Passages from the Life of a Yorkshire Lady.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TWO BARBARAS.

IF Mary Ward's journey to England had been lonely and anxious, especially from the uncertainty of the future which lay before her, the outward circumstances of her return to St. Omer must have formed a pleasurable contrast in many respects. It is more likely from the perilous state of the times that the six ladies did not all journey together, but any way Mary would not have been without a companion in the person of young Mary Poyntz, who was already her inseparable friend. When the whole party met together on their arrival, they amounted at once to a considerable household, for besides Mary's five associates, each of them was accompanied by some companion or attendant of humbler degree, sent by their parents to convoy them and assist them in their needs, and who remained afterwards, joining them in their devout life, each according to her state. Winefrid Wigmore tells us in few words how they set up housekeeping together. "She (Mary) bought a house which she furnished and ordered in manner so as to live in regular observance, and their clothes conformable, very grave and retired but not of the monastical." A happy household they must have been, for they all, like the early Christians, had but one heart and one soul, and one object, the will of God, their way of life, also, in its simplicity and devotion, framed something after their model. Mary Ward was their leader and mother, and another bond of union among them,¹ for to practice her virtues, to place themselves under her guidance, and live as she lived, and finally to embrace the same state of religious life which she would choose, was the end for which they had left their friends and country to follow her.

¹ Father Lohner, *Gottseliges Leben*, p. 61.

It was a remarkable and unusual calling if considered attentively. God, "the mighty Master of souls," was fashioning them as He would, leading them to desire the highest perfection and union with Himself, apart from the world, but giving them no attraction to the then known forms of the devoted life in the Church, and by the example, and the graces which He bestowed on one of His servants, kindling in them an ardent longing to spend themselves for the salvation of their neighbours, a work and vocation from which hitherto women were supposed to be shut out. In order to appreciate their position justly, it must be remembered that at that period none of the active orders for women, which are now so numerous, existed. Uncloistered nuns had been hitherto supposed to be an impossible anomaly, and for long after they were first seen, during their struggle to take a place among the accredited workers in the Church, were considered an undesirable phenomenon, and one very doubtful as to its origin and results. Mary must have told each of her companions a portion at least of her inward experiences and uncertainties as to the future, she could not have led them blindfold; yet they were willing and glad to cast in their lot with hers and to share her present unsettled state. So God drew them on through her to trust themselves to Him and what His Providence should develope. Mary writes a few years subsequently of the "miraculous calls"² of some of those with her and their holy lives as a proof by which "it would manifestly appear that God's hand were in the work," and she might have added the fact that so many souls endowed with rare powers and gifts, both of nature and grace, should have all received the same preparatory interior guidance from God, and been contented to wait, not a short time only, but for long years, in the ignorance of any certainty as to His will for them for the future.

There remain still two of this courageous and devoted household of Englishwomen at St. Omer, of whose characters a few words have to be said. According to the testimony of the picture in the *Painted Life*, there were five friends only with whom Mary Ward for the second time left her native country. But by the universal tradition existing in the time of Mary Cramlington, and which she received from the nuns, and among others of them by word of mouth from Mrs. Elisabeth Rantienne shortly before her death at the age of eighty-four,

² Letter to the Nuncio Albergati.

an Englishwoman who in her youth was personally well acquainted with Mary Poyntz, there were two others, who if they did not actually cross the Channel with Mary Ward, joined her immediately, and were always reckoned among her first companions and disciples. These were Barbara Babthorpe and Barbara Ward.

The former has already been introduced to the reader as the friend of Mary Ward's girlhood at Babthorpe, Barbara's home in Yorkshire, and as associated with her in listening to Margaret Garrett's tales of conventual life which had given rise to Mary's first desires for the religious state. These tales may have sown the good seed in little Barbara's heart also, though she was then only seven or eight years old, and Mary's example brought it finally to maturity. She was the youngest of the three daughters of Sir Ralph Babthorpe and his wife Grace, who in after years was a nun at Louvain. Some particulars of the life of this brave and faithful Catholic lady have already been given.³ Barbara's two sisters had married Sir George Palmes and John Constable of Carethorpe before she left England. We shall hear further of one of the daughters of the latter, as well as of several others of Barbara's female relations in the course of this history. She herself had been born in the hottest time of animosity against Catholics in Yorkshire, and must have been inured from her cradle to hear of pursuivants' visits, searches for hidden priests, and citations before the President in the cause of religion.

Since Mary Ward's residence with them, the whole Babthorpe family had become increasingly the objects of bitter persecution. The Protestant Archbishop Matthews was especially hostile to Sir Ralph. He had already caused his children to be re-baptised by a Protestant minister, though they had been baptised, when newly born, by Catholic priests, through the watchful care of their mother, "who was never without two or three priests in the house, even in the most cruel times." We know also that she and her husband had been for several years in prison. Citations against Sir Ralph were now issued monthly in the most odious and disgraceful terms and read publicly in the Protestant churches, and to avoid appearing before the courts, and the visits of pursuivants, he was driven from home and obliged to conceal himself or fly into another county. After enduring exorbitant fines in consequence, the Archbishop at length, under the statutes enacted by James the First, seized

³ Part i. ch. 3.

on two-thirds of his estates. The one-third left to him was before long all but exhausted by further fines, and in 1612 he left England and went to live at Louvain on the poor remnants of his fortune. Sir Ralph had been a man of very large property, and it is said of him that "he was so well beloved in his country, for his bountiful and good disposition, that he had not so much as one enemy." Besides Babthorpe and Osgodby he had other mansions, and "thirty retainers," as well as a numerous establishment. His fidelity to the faith reduced him to utter poverty, and he died, we learn, with scarcely a servant to attend him in his old age. His death took place suddenly whilst in the midst of making the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius at Louvain in 1617.

It was perhaps on occasion of the removal of the family to London, to escape the heavy fines still inflicted after the division of Sir Ralph's property, that Barbara obtained leave to try her vocation to religion abroad. The old Louvain Manuscript, which gives the history of Lady Babthorpe's profession there, says: "Her daughter Barbara had been at St. Benedict's at Brussels, but could not go forward for a defect in her throat,"⁴ which prevented her perhaps from being able to sing, and so from being a choir nun. Her friend Mary Ward must, at the time of her leaving England, have been on the eve of being professed, as she would think, as a Poor Clare, to which Order Barbara was not herself attracted, probably as being too severe for her. Divine Providence, by means of the above-named natural impediment, stopped her entering as a Benedictine and reunited her to her friend. Two of her brothers, Ralph and Thomas Babthorpe, at the time she went to St. Omer, were educating at the College there, and subsequently entered the Society of Jesus, the latter being Rector of the English College at Rome from 1650—1653, when once more, as we shall find, the brother and sister were strangely brought into near neighbourhood to each other. A third brother, Robert, became a Benedictine. Sir William, Barbara's eldest brother, finally sold Babthorpe and Osgodby and entered the Spanish service. He had a numerous family of children and grandchildren, many of whom were greatly gifted. Barbara's choice in uniting herself so closely to Mary Ward and her work produced important results as to the future career of several among them, whose talents were in return of eminent service to both for a long series of years afterwards.

⁴ *Troubles*, First Series, p. 236.

Barbara was seventeen, only a year older than Mary Poyntz, when she came from Brussels to join her cousin at St Omer. She was already highly educated and very well read, and being still so young, she probably owed some portion of her further mental cultivation to Mary Ward's care and direction after she became one of her household there. As she grew older, we shall find her a much valued and trusted friend of Mary's, and the posts of difficulty and authority which she soon occupied show her to have shared the capacity and intellectual qualities of others of her family, and to have had great powers of government. She is also said to have possessed a striking and unusual gift of eloquence of speech, with which she won the hearts of those with whom she conferred, and which aided her in leading and influencing those under her.

We now come to the last of those who are especially named as Mary's early friends, though, in matter of fact, the first and nearest to her, her sister Barbara. It seems, perhaps, strange that nothing is known of her younger years, nor even with any certainty by what means she was led to embrace the vocation of a religious. This meagre amount of information, both concerning Barbara and Mary Ward's other near relations, as well as the lack of many details in the history of the period of her life to which we are now approaching, may be accounted for by a disastrous occurrence, feelingly related by Mary Cramlington in her historical notes which she was collecting about the year 1725. She says: "About thirty or forty years ago, an iron chest was sent to us from Rome full of valuable documents and writings of our foundress, through a merchant, whose ship foundered at sea, and thereby all our manuscripts were lost in the ocean, which loss could be regretted with tears of blood." She adds the following wish, in which we may heartily unite, with an act of resignation subjoined, "If God had only not allowed this! His holy will be done in everything."

With regard to Barbara Ward's religious vocation, it may well be conjectured that it was her sister's example which first woke up the desire for it. It may be gathered from the words of one of her Sisters in religion, who wrote of her at her death to their community, that the final call was a sudden one, and that she acted on it without delay. Mother Margaret Hord says of her in this account of her last hours, which is still preserved in manuscript, "Hearing herself called when she was in the world from all what nature or sense could desire,

she presently resolved without further deliberation, and would not stand, as many others do, *vult et non vult*. Unto which calling of Christ's how well she answered, it is not unknown to us all : for Him she left both friends and country ; for Him the world and pleasures therein ; to Him she gave all she had, and with these gifts she (indeed) gave herself. She left all, my dear Sisters, she left all, not as Abraham who, after he was called, stayed to take his worldly substance, but rather like unto her patron and father, St. Ignatius, who never thought he had given enough until he had stripped himself of the clothes from his back."⁵ We could wish of Mother Margaret as of other writers of her day, that she would have given a few plain facts instead of the enigmatical pious sentiments with which she praises the memory of Barbara Ward. As it is, it may, perhaps, be inferred that the latter was in Yorkshire, not in London, when Mary started for St. Omer, and that feeling drawn to follow her example, she took the first opportunity, regardless of difficulties or future consequences, without an outfit, and perhaps even portionless, to join her abroad.

Barbara would appear to have resembled Mary herself in qualities of mind and sweetness of disposition. Mother Margaret says of her that she was "one of a most profound judgment, singular wit, and great resolutions in any business whatsoever, though never so full of impossibilities, and her invincible courage so great, that her voice, presence, and countenance were sufficient to have animated the most fearful or tepidest heart in the world. Thus while she served others she neglected herself, and like a true scholar of such a master, trampled all difficulties under her feet." Whether she bore any likeness to her sister in person we do not hear, but among seventy-four resolutions written by her, and found after her death, was the following, which suggests in some measure the same tranquil composure of manner and countenance which were so attractive in Mary Ward : "My looks shall be always pleasant, meek, modest, and grave, high in God, yet full of humility, not contemning anything, nor giving way to the least occasion wherein the Divine Majesty or others might be offended. My conversation shall be substantial, civil, sincere, gaining, and suitable to the parties' disposition with whom I speak. My countenance and exterior comportment

⁵ Two ancient copies of this manuscript exist, one from the Barberini Palace, Rome, now in the Public Record Office ; the other, somewhat abbreviated, among the Nymphenburg Archives.

of body shall be even, quiet, and decently ordered, so as may give all sorts of people, both secular and religious, friends and enemies, full satisfaction, and myself remain immoveable and retired in God."⁶

The few words which still remain in which Mary expressed the opinion she had of Barbara's merits amply show the love and union which existed between the two sisters, and with what joy the former must have welcomed Barbara's arrival as an addition to the happy party of friends who were setting up house together. Winefrid Wigmore gives them at a later period, telling her readers that Mary "was wont to say, that in her were summed up all that could be desired in a sister, in a friend, and in a subject." In return, Barbara had a full and just appreciation of Mary's character, and her veneration and devotion towards her were unbounded, as we shall find. A few short fragments still exist, written by Barbara, of what was intended to be an entire history of Mary Ward's work. These fragments are a copy only, the original may perhaps have gone down to the bottom of the sea in the unfortunate iron chest mentioned above. They are in an ancient, clear, and stiff hand, the same in which some of Mary Ward's meditations are transcribed, which are corrected here and there in Mary's own handwriting, thus proving the copyist to have been one of her own contemporaries. They are headed, "Coppied out of three severall papers of Mother Barbara Ward's hand," and they begin thus: "Out of the 1. paper." "1619. 24 of February, being the day of St. Matthew" (Mathias), "I began this work wh. I will not cease to crave may be much for God's honour and for the profit of those who read it hereafter." After some sentences concerning Mary's residence with the Poor Clares and her founding a new monastery of their Order, she continues, "This had such success and progress in virtue, religious discipline, and sanctity as at this present it remains and daily increases to God's greater honour and the good of our country. After which she, directed by God, went into England, where her carriage, comportment, and external consorted with all sorts of persons in the best, substantial, most fashionable and religious manner that could be wished. After a year or more stay, she returned with some other gentlewomen which, to join with her in this our course, she had there gathered. They were of good

⁶ From "A copy of Mother Barbara Ward, her holy purposes," &c., Nymphenburg Manuscripts.

means and worth, some of whose friends had suffered much persecution and imprisonment for the Catholic faith."⁷

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST HOUSE AT ST. OMER.

WE must now endeavour to gain some idea of the life and practices of the incipient community at St. Omer, and to see whether its members in any degree fell short in these of the high aspirations with which they had started from England. And here assistance will be obtained from Father Lohner's history, who must himself have obtained his information, not only from all the existing documents, but also by word of mouth, either from Mary Poyntz herself, who lived for some years at Augsburg and Munich before her death in 1667, or from the nuns who were living with her. He tells us then,¹ that "their course of life was the epitome or model of the choicest virtues and perfections." For their daily routine, "every hour was regularly divided, and each appointed to certain employments, and not a moment of time was wasted. All was turned as far as possible to the honour and service of God. She and her companions took food but once a day, lying only upon straw beds, and undertook other penances and mortifications besides. They never allowed a Sunday or holiday to pass by without hearing the Word of God, whereby they not only had the opportunity to procure consolation and profit for themselves, but also, by their devotion and modest demeanour, encouraged others to a like modesty and reverence." Upon their interior graces and virtues Father Lohner bestows the highest commendation, saying, "Their dwelling appeared much rather to be the dwelling of virtues than of man. A continual self-renunciation, a humble knowledge and acknowledgment of their own faults, simple obedience and subjection of their own will and understanding, fervent devotion, both by meditation and vocal prayer, interior recollection and love of silence, exterior modesty of speech and demeanour, were to be seen there. All these and many other virtues shone forth so clearly in all their practices, that those who did not know them before

⁷ Among the Nymphenburg Manuscripts ; written on a large sheet of coarse, discoloured letter paper.

¹ *Gottseliges Leben*, pp. 63, 64.

might think that they had entered the religious state many years previously, and that it was after their protracted exercise that they had reached to so eminent a degree." He adds that, "the Holy Spirit of God entirely possessed the house as His own, and richly endowed it with heavenly love."

This holy way of life had two distinct objects which in arranging its details and directing its progress day by day, Mary kept continually before her. These were, as Winefrid Wigmore tells us, "in general terms, her own perfection and good of her neighbour within the limits of her sex." In her knowledge and love of the latter object Mary had made rapid advances since her eyes had been first opened to it for some time before she left the Poor Clares, six or eight months previously. Her life in England witnesses to her being already more than a proficient in both; it had given her too a large experience as to what women could do if they would. But there was now a great problem before her mind which had to be solved. How could such a life be consonant with that to which both she herself and those with her felt themselves called, and that which they had hitherto known only as belonging to cloistered religious? A state uniting both they knew had of late years been approved by the Church for men, and had already brought forth fruit so noble, that its departed members were even then likely to be enrolled among her saints. But was a state of a similar kind possible for feeble women, who, it had always been supposed, needed the guarded and perpetual shelter of four walls to carry out in its fulness the sacrifice of their life to God, with the one object of their own perfection? A host of apparent obstacles must have risen up before her, but Mary was not one accustomed to pause and spend time in thinking or talking over difficulties. There was, however, an addition, or rather what was in truth the foundation to the whole problem, which cost her far more. Was such a state the will of God for women, and beyond this, for herself and her companions in particular? Or in what other state was it His will that they should seek to glorify Him?

Winefrid Wigmore discloses something of what Mary's mental sufferings were, from the absence of any knowledge on these points. Such sufferings were, in fact, but an advanced stage of those which had already pressed heavily, with few intervals, upon her ever since she first set foot in St. Omer, and they were heightened now to a great extent by the know-

ledge that so many other vocations hung upon her decision, "Though thus far advanced, she remained nevertheless in great anxiety and anguish of mind, not knowing the precise will of God concerning the state of life she was to settle in, but this did not hinder her from going as far as she had light and conform to what it led into [the end she had in view]." She was asking, she knew, no light matter of Almighty God, and far more than even the vocations of the few souls now in her company; her desires extended to the good of thousands, should He grant them, and she sought an answer from Him therefore neither by half measures nor by occasional spasmodic acts of piety. "To this end," says Winefrid Wigmore, "she and hers, for the first seven years," adopted the severe rule as to food and sleep already given in Father Lohner's words, that is, they "ate but one meal a day, lay on straw beds only, with diverse other [great] austerities, which she most prudently would tell hers were not done as to be a settled observance, but as a means to obtain light [and knowledge]."

To these practices of mortification were at once added active works for the souls of others, as far as lay in their power—that is, by the education of children, and in a way little yet practised except for boys, that is, they took into their house those sent from a distance, and besides had a day-school for the young girls of the town, and this without any remuneration. "Amongst other goods," continues Winefrid Wigmore's manuscript, "to her neighbours [which they did to the public, one of the most useful], a chief one was to employ themselves in education of youth, not only those of our own nation (of which there were very many), but also those of the places where they lived, who were taught gratis [the sciences fitting our sex] all that became good Christians and worthy women. The English, in regard of the distance, lived wholly under their care, tabled, etc., and were taught qualities to render them capable and fit to do God service in whatsoever state, religious or secular, and through God's mercies the effects have very happily followed in all our English monasteries and diverse in married state."

It is evident from the immediate adoption of this regular rule of life, with its allotted hours and active employments, that Mary must have discussed and arranged it in outline with her companions, and those competent to advise her, before they left England. She had also probably already promised to receive the children of Catholic friends anxious to place them out of

danger of the growing evil at home, for from Winefrid Wigmore's words just quoted it appears that a numerous set of English boarders soon filled the house. It was with this view that Mary had selected the dwelling for herself and her companions. It was situated in the principal street of St. Omer, La Grosse Rue, as it was then called, since changed into Rue Royale, and again altered more than once at and since the Great Revolution, to remain finally what it is now, Rue des Commandants, from the residence of the ancient Governors of the town being in it.

To Mary's companions the pious atmosphere of St. Omer in those days must have been a very heaven on earth. How they must have rejoiced to hear the air full of the chimes from the numerous churches, mediæval convents and monasteries, which met the eye at almost every turn, and formed the ornament of each narrow street, to which they generally gave their names, and to know that the Holy Sacrifice was being offered on all sides around them. The beautiful cathedral, near at hand, could boast of the presence of a bishop resident amidst his flock, and vied in the piety of its clergy with its neighbour at the opposite end of the town, the magnificent Abbey of St. Bertin, then a specimen of early pointed Gothic architecture, perfect in all its parts, with a flourishing community of monks, not as now a shattered relic of the past, whose lofty tower, left standing alone, enables the passers-by to picture to himself what the glory of the whole must have been in former years. And besides churches, convents, and monasteries, St. Omer was a place of pilgrimage, and not only did joyous religious processions issue forth into the streets, of the clergy and monks of the town, but streams of pilgrims came from a distance with hymns and prayers to invoke Notre Dame des Miracles,² at her shrine in the market-place, at one end of the Grosse Rue, which had been there, first as a wooden oratory, and afterwards as a handsome two-storied Gothic chapel, ever since the days, it is said, of St. Omer himself. Often and often must Mary and her friends have trodden the few steps which led there, and poured out their anxieties and doubts and the wrongs of Catholic England to the ear and heart of her who is ever ready to hear and console. What a joyful contrast must all this have been to the desolate

² The old Gothic chapel in the market-place was burnt down in 1785, and the statue carried in solemn procession to the cathedral, where it still remains, and where the devout obtain great graces from Notre Dame des Miracles at the present time. It was solemnly crowned by command of Pius the Ninth in 1871.

land they had left, with its closed and ruined churches, and altars desecrated by the Protestant Elizabethan service in those still allowed to stand; Holy Mass said here and there in secret only in a few private houses and at peril of death, every outward symbol of Catholicity, may we not almost say of Christianity, reviled and condemned to destruction and oblivion. What a feeling of happy joyous liberty must have been theirs, but for the thought of those they had left in lack of all consolation behind them.

The house Mary bought in the Grosse Rue had belonged to a nobleman named Le Sieur de Licques, whose name was evidently well known to the *bourgeois* Jean Hendrico, a citizen of the town, who gives this information in a manuscript history³ or calendar of events which happened during his lifetime in St. Omer, in the early part of the seventeenth century, and which he noted down yearly as they occurred. Hardly was the new household settled in this mansion, their internal arrangements made, and exterior occupations assigned them, than their members rapidly increased. Father Lohner says⁴ that "they carried out their design with such assiduity and fervour, that in a short time many other ladies of good birth and position, incited by their edifying way of life, earnestly desired to be received into their company, to Mary's no little joy and consolation." Winefrid Wigmore, modestly keeping herself and her companions in the background, gives to Mary all the merit of these fresh accessions to their household, and says, "Her example and form of her living [the fame of her holy life] drew many others, and those of the best sort [most qualified]."

If these reports of the exemplary life of "the English Ladies," as they soon began to be called, spread across to England, much more were they prevalent in St. Omer itself. Their charity and devotion in teaching gratis the children of the town, a thing unheard of before, their pious attendance at church with their flock of boarders, their own grave and retired lives and dress, and yet their easiness of access, and the winning kindness of their manners to those who sought them out and required their help, soon became known and spoken of from mouth to mouth. These were outward matters; their interior life of prayer, obedience, and austerity was also whispered

³ *Recueil Historique* de Jean Hendrico, Bourgeois de St. Omer, in manuscript, in three folio volumes, preserved in the public library of that town.

⁴ *Gottseliges Leben*, p. 61.

abroad with admiration and wonder, as the source whence such good exterior fruits proceeded. They seem themselves to have taken for a time the cognomen of daughters of St. Agnes, unless, which is possible, the good Bourgeois who writes of them ignorantly confounds them in this nomenclature with some devout ladies of St. Omer, who, under the protecting guidance of Bishop Blaise, were also beginning to form a religious guild or community devoted to good works. Jean Hendrico appears at first to have been rather puzzled by all the reports he heard, and says accordingly, with the date 1611, under the head, "Filles dévotes:" "En sorte qu'en cette saison il y avait bon nombre en notre ville vivant ensemble en quelque maison observant les Régles avec tant d'austérité comme si elles fussent Religieuses, ce que faisaient de même plusieurs jeunes filles de cette ville." In 1612 he seems to have obtained further knowledge, and from him we learn how largely their number had increased. He writes thus:⁵ "Dans cette ville de St. Omer, se retrouvent encore plusieurs maisons pieuses où se retirent filles dévotes pour servir Dieu, observant quelque règle et manière de vivre, obéissant à la principale de tous et y en a une ou deux d'icelles maisons que l'on nomme les filles de St. Agnés; et enseignent les fillettes à lire, écrire et coudre pour l'honneur de Dieu. Si à une des dites maisons qui est remplie de jeunes filles Anglaises, s'y retrouvent illet de trente à quarante les quelles vivent aussi sous quelque forme de vie monastique s'exerçant en toutes sortes d'austerité et macération de corps, combien qu'elles fussent des corps délicates et belles en perfection comme anglaises. Parvis s'étant ainsi exercées la plus part se retirent en monastères signament dans celui de Gravelinghe (Gravelines) qui est le plus part rempli de ces filles ici qui sont la plus part filles de nobles et riches maisons, et ont pour leur demeure en cette ville qu'ils ont acceptées, la maison du Sieur de Licques dans la Grosse Rue."

The indication in this account of the growing numbers of the new community and the advancing solidity of their project is further illustrated by a correspondence existing in the Brussels Archives.⁶ We cannot doubt that in settling herself in the dominions of the good Archduchess Isabella Clara Eugenia, Mary Ward had already had some private communication with one who was so ready a patroness of every religious work, and to whose notice she had before been introduced concerning the

⁵ *Recueil Historique*, vol. ii. p. 350.

⁶ From *Papiers d'Etat et de l'Audience* at Brussels. Liasse, 466.

Gravelines foundation. The following memorial is of a more public nature. The original is in Spanish, and is endorsed, "To her Most Serene Highness, from the English Ladies of St. Omer," and is dated in the margin Sept. 8. Within it are the drafts of two letters on the Archduchess's part, both of them to the Bishop and Magistrates, dated September and October, 1612. The memorial is as follows :

"Most Serene Lady,—Barbara Babthorpe, Anne Gage, and Mary Ward declare that, seeing the necessities of the Catholics of England, and the difficulty they lie under of bringing up their children in the Catholic Faith, which cannot be done in that kingdom without great risk to the children and parents ; and desiring to offer themselves to the service of God, for the education and instruction of such children as Catholics may wish to send to live in these States, they have settled themselves with other young English ladies in the town of St. Omer, where they have already received two nieces of the Earl of Shrewsbury and another young lady of the family of the Earl of Southampton, and they understand that many Catholic nobles intend to send their daughters to the said town to be brought up as Catholics under the care of the said ladies, in the faith and good manners, in order that they may either be Religious in these parts, or, returning to marry in England, may there maintain what here they have learned. In this cause they humbly beg your Highness to send a letter in their favour to the Bishop and another to the Magistrates of St. Omer, that they may favour them and allow them to live in peace and without molestation, under the protection of your Most Serene Highness, in the city, which grant they would consider a very special favour."

We may note here Mary's modesty and humility in placing herself last, after her two friends. Anne Gage, whose name will be of frequent occurrence, was probably a daughter of Edward Gage of Bentley, who assisted Mary in her first enterprize of the Gravelines convent, and who had recently built its church. He seems to have had a daughter professed there, and another at the Benedictines at Brussels. His name, as well as that of Sir Ralph Babthorpe, recently arrived in the Low Countries, would be well known to the Archdukes as those of faithful English Catholics of consideration, driven by persecution to live in their dominions, and for this reason, doubtless, Mary heads her memorial with those of their daughters. The Talbots whom

she names as boarders were connected with herself, and Lord Southampton was an uncle of Jane Browne. The memorial itself is the first public document in which Mary speaks openly of her plans, and it may be observed that it was not written until after the occurrence which has to be narrated in the next chapter.

Besides writing to the magistrates and Bishop herself, at Isabella's desire another document was also penned in French, either from Albert himself, or some person high in authority, to Bishop Blaise from Marimont, the Archducal country palace in the neighbourhood of Brussels, showing that Mary's object in writing the petition must have been named privately to the sovereigns beforehand.

"Monsieur,—Your Lordship will remember the contents of a letter, which her Highness wrote a few days ago to the magistrates of St. Omer recommending certain English ladies, who, having taken refuge in that town, are taking care of some young ladies, in order to train and exercise them in the Catholic faith, that when they return home they may live as good Catholics, or else, remaining here, may become religious. And although those of the said magistracy ought to have rendered them all possible assistance, and thus encouraged them to continue so virtuous and holy an enterprize, it seems that they have failed to do so ; though I doubt not your lordship has shown it all possible favour, according to the intention of her Highness, who has moved the Rev. Father Colasso, of the Society of Jesus, to desire that your Lordship should be solicited by a letter from me not to withdraw from it your assistance, by representing to the magistrates, not only that the town will not receive any inconvenience, but rather renown, from being a place of refuge and a secure asylum to a band of honourable ladies, who are banished from their country for their religion. And in conformity with this, they are required to be so good as to provide the said ladies (with their money) with a house near the one in which they now live, in which they live very inconveniently. And because I feel sure that your Lordship will employ yourself willingly in this work of charity, I will not importune you further on the subject, but conclude this letter by begging God to preserve you in perfect health and for many years, to the great consolation, my Lord, of your Church. And humbly kissing your hand.

"Marimont, the first day of October, 1612."

The inconvenience in their dwelling here spoken of must have arisen from the large influx of inmates since Mary bought it, and which was far beyond even her expectation, necessitating another house near it to enlarge their quarters, which she seems privately to have named to the Archduchess. The command which was in consequence laid upon the town, was one among the favours not at all uncommonly granted by the sovereigns to other religious bodies.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN EPIDEMIC AND ITS RESULTS.

WE must now go back for a few months or more from the date of the letters quoted in the last chapter. "The English Ladies" had been two years at St. Omer. Their course hitherto had been undisturbed and most peaceable as to all exterior matters except in one respect—that their friends and well-wishers, not having been led in the same way in which they had been led, could not understand their apparent contentment in lingering on in their present mode of life, and were continually suggesting the necessity of their entering some religious order. The refusal of these offers brought down upon them accusations of temerity, presumption, and much more. Mary describes the trouble this brought upon them in the following words in her letter to the Nuncio already quoted.¹ "Great instance was made by divers spiritual and learned men that we would take upon us some rule already confirmed. Several rules were procured by our friends both from Italy and France, and we earnestly urged to make choice of some of them. They seemed not that which God would have done, and the refusal of them caused much persecutions, and the more because I denied all, and could not say what in particular I desired or found myself called to." These spiritual and learned men were doubtless Bishop Blaise and the Abbot of St. Bertin's, with various Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Of these and of future advice which they offered, we shall hear further in subsequent chapters. Their importunities did not, however, destroy Mary's peace and equanimity, much as she inwardly felt them, and was even at that very time suffering anguish of soul for this very uncertainty. But outwardly these sufferings, Winefrid Wigmore tells us, were "so borne by her as never perceived by a dejected or troubled

¹ Nymphenburg Manuscripts.

countenance, or doing any action in a divided manner." She met them with calmness and firmness. Almighty God had brought her and her companions where they now were by a very visible guidance; to Him she looked, and not to the clamours and disapprobation of men, to maintain her cause and direct their course elsewhere, if so it was to be.

But now a trouble arose, which, though at first sight it seemed comparatively light and easy to meet, threatened her companions at its close with little less than the shipwreck of their whole project, so at least it appeared in the eyes of most of the pious household. An epidemic, the measles, was prevalent in St. Omer in 1611, and Mary's flock of children did not escape. She was the last to spare herself on such an occasion, and in nursing them caught it finally, and sickened with a severe attack. To an adult it was a dangerous disease, and before long she was given over and received the last sacraments. The grief and consternation of the whole community may be imagined. Their Mother, the light of their eyes, their guide, the pilot of the newly launched vessel, who was to have steered it past many a hidden rock and quicksand, which they well imagined were before them, what was there in prospect but utter ruin, if she were taken away? What could they do? There was but one, though that an omnipotent remedy in such a state of things—prayer. Right well, no doubt, they prayed, and the answer came. The good thought was given to one of them, perhaps to Mary herself, to offer a pilgrimage to our Lady of Sichem, if she would obtain for them their petition.

This pilgrimage of our Lady of Sichem, or, as it is now better known, our Lady of Montaigu, had been already for two or three hundred years, as it still remains in these days, very dear to the devout inhabitants of the Low Countries. The miraculous statue had been originally found on an oak tree, which, growing in the form of a rude cross, had been availingly used as a place of prayer for the sick who obtained relief under its shelter from their pains and evils. Albert and Isabella had already built a stone chapel there in place of the old wooden oratory which had protected the statue, and just at this time Sichem was attracting greater crowds even than ever, for the Archdukes, in gratitude for the many favours they obtained there, had begun to build a magnificent church, as it was then considered, in the Renaissance style, which was itself to form the shrine, and of which the first stone was laid in 1609. It

cost 300,000 gold crowns, and was twelve years in building. "Isabella," we are told, "endowed it with a profusion of statues, of marbles, of pictures, of tapestries, of lamps, of chalices, of a thousand ornaments." Though these costly treasures disappeared during the period of the Great Revolution, the rich vestments she worked and the robes² for the statue are still in use at the shrine. Abundant miracles and graces were then obtained by the pilgrims to our Lady of Sichem, nor are they less numerous at the present day. Among the frequent worshippers there at the time of which we write are to be numbered the saint, Blessed John Berchmans, whose favourite place of devotion it was in his early years, and the Archdukes themselves, who, in the language of Trumbull the English Ambassador at Brussels, went every year "to worship their idol" at Montaigu. On occasion of the sieges of Bois le Duc and Ostend, they went twice on pilgrimage there in 1604. The former was raised in answer to their prayers, and when the latter was ended, Isabella walked several miles barefoot on the bad, stony road to Sichem, in thanksgiving for the relief of the city.

The offer of Mary Ward's companions was much greater than at first sight appears, for to go on foot across Flanders and Brabant, from St. Omer to Montaigu, some fifteen miles beyond Louvain, in the state of the roads of two centuries ago, infested too as they were by freebooters and disbanded soldiery, and with country inns of a scarcely habitable condition, was not an agreeable task for English ladies to perform. That our Lady justly appreciated the sacrifice is manifest from the immediate success with which the promise was accepted, for Mary Ward recovered, and with so great a joy to her companions, Almighty God was preparing, by means of the past pressing distress, a lasting and effectual grace, though, as great graces and favours often do, it brought with it its attendant and peculiar sufferings. This grace, as it formed the subject of the twenty-fourth picture of the series in the "Painted Life," shall first be mentioned in the words which were there inscribed. "As Mary, a little recovering from a mortal illness, lay in her bed at St. Omer, quite alone and in an extraordinary peace, she perceived quite plainly by an interior intellectual voice in what way she was to organize the Institute, which brought her so

² To the taste of the Archdukes has been attributed the custom introduced in their time of clothing all statues of our Lady in costly decorated robes, which has continued ever since.

great a light, as also consolation and strength, that it was impossible to doubt that it proceeded from the Divine Verity, which cannot deceive."

There is great reason to believe that the original of this picture was painted under the direction of Mary Ward herself, who desired to perpetuate among her companions and children the remembrance of the origin of their religious state of life, and to give the honour where it was due, to the teaching of Almighty God, Who suggested it, and not to anything in herself. Mary Cramlington speaks of Mary's having had the scene painted as a well-known fact, and says distinctly that she "writes of it with her own hand in her life, as also had it represented in painting." It may be that this was the picture of which we find the following words in a letter of Mary Ward's to Germany, written twenty-one years afterwards, during a time of great adversity, in 1633. She was anxious for its safety, and some other having been painted and sent to her by her desire, she says: "The picture is very well, but keep well the great one, times are different from what they have been and will be," suggesting, perhaps, that the day might still come when its testimony would be of value.

If the picture at Augsburg, the twenty-fourth of the Painted Life, was this original designed by Mary, the German inscription must have been added at the time when the rest of the series were executed. Were these paintings still in existence we should probably find that, as in the style of many descriptive pictures of that era, scrolls issued from the mouths of the principal actors in the scenes portrayed, containing further details as to what was happening, or of what was passing in their minds at the time. This is likely from the fact that an ancient picture exists in the convent of the Institute at Burghausen, which appears to be a copy of one of the later scenes in the Painted Life, as it answers to the description in the list, but which has no German inscription. In this painting scrolls come out of the mouths of the various persons with appropriate mottoes in Latin. If a similar scroll was appended to Mary's figure in the picture we are now considering, it would probably contain the words which really form its main subject, and would account for the somewhat vague German inscription, which is almost a copy of the sentence in which Winefrid Wigmore gives the account of what took place on this occasion. It was not necessary for her to enter into the particulars more minutely, since her com-

panions had them well engraved on their memories, and had not failed to keep the record of them in Mary's own words among their documents.

Winefrid writes thus: "The manner by which God Almighty made known to her His blessed will concerning the Institute and state of life in which she was to serve and glorify Him was: Retired within herself, with extraordinary peace of mind, she understood intellectually but distinctly in precise words what Institute she was to take, and this [knowledge was given her] with such alacrity, [light] consolation, and vigour, that she remained without power to will, or will other [than that which was then given her to understand that God willed], so as her usual expression hereof [of this knowledge] was, 'All is as done with me, it only remains that I be faithful [on my part].'" Winefrid Wigmore, as we have already seen concerning other facts, is not correct in her chronology in this account. Confusing the circumstances of a second illness which Mary Ward had three years afterwards with those of the present one, which they closely resembled, she places the scene she has described as happening at that time, saying, "Which grace God did her in the year 1614, being convalescent of a dangerous and mortal sickness, of which, to say truly, she never recovered." We have Mary Ward's own authority, however, for the date, which she gives herself, thus fixing it beyond a doubt as 1611.

Her letter to the Nuncio Albergati is again the medium through which we obtain, in her own words, the history of what passed in an occurrence so fraught with important results to herself and her companions, and may we not add, to souls yet unnumbered. She continues from the last sentence quoted of this letter in the present chapter: "About this time, in the year 1611, I fell sick in great extremity, being somewhat recovered (by a vow made to send in pilgrimage to our Blessed Lady of Sichem), being alone, in some extraordinary repose of mind, I heard distinctly, not by sound of voice, but intellectually understood these words, '*Take the same of the Society*.'³ So understood as that we were to take the same both in matter and manner, that only excepted which God by diversity of sex hath prohibited. These few words gave so great measure of light in that particular Institute, comfort, and strength, and changed so the whole soul, as that impossible for me to doubt but that they came from Him, Whose words are works." Mary

³ The italics are Mary Ward's.

adds a little more to this account in a letter which she wrote to Father Gerard in the year 1619, which will be given in full in the course of a few chapters in connection with the circumstances which called it forth. She there says: "What I had from God touching this, was as follows (understood as it is writ, without adding or altering one syllable), 'Take the same of the Society. Father General will never permit it. Go to him.' These are the words whose worth cannot be valued, nor the good they contain to be dearly bought; these gave sight where there was none, made known what God would have done, gave strength to suffer, what since hath happened, assurance of what is wished for in time to come."⁴

Winefrid Wigmore adds the following sentence expressive of the relief of soul which Mary experienced from so plain a solution to her difficulties. "This grace of knowing God's will was so great as may be in part conjectured by the expression she made of the sufferance the want thereof had caused her." Eighteen years afterwards she said, when pleading her own cause, "that all her sicknesses, persecutions, and other labours were as nothing in comparison of what she passed and suffered for ten years to know the will of God." But the shadow was not long now in falling again black and deep, after the bright gleam which had brought such repose along with it. Father Lohner, after quoting Mary's words above, at once proceeds to say: "From which words we may see how carefully and wisely she began this work, and carried it on, and that it was not so much wrought by her as by Almighty God. But as it is an old custom of the wicked enemy to hinder that work with all his might which he discerns to be above all others fitting to advance the greater honour of God and the salvation of our neighbour, and so attempts to stir up all sorts of adversaries, therefore he acted after this manner with regard to this important and excellent work, for various persons set themselves from the first against her plans."⁵

⁴ Nymphenburg Manuscripts.

⁵ *Gottseliges Leben*, p. 67.

*Letter from the Holy Father to the Cardinal
Archbishop of Paris.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL LATIN.

*To our beloved son Hippolytus Guibert, Cardinal Priest of the
Holy Roman Church, and Archbishop of Paris.*

LEO XIII. PP.

Beloved Son, health and Apostolic benediction,—

We have read with pleasure the letters which you, our beloved son, have addressed to the President of the Republic, to the President of the Council of Ministers, and, quite recently, to the French Minister of the Interior, on the subject of the decrees passed on the 29th of March against those communities of Religious which do not possess what is commonly called legal authorization as colleges. In those letters is contained no ordinary testimony to your courage united as it is with eminent charity; since you prove with equal freedom and moderation that wherever the liberty of the Catholic Church is established religious orders grow into being of their own accord, springing from, and, as it were, born of the Catholic Church, as of a parent stem; and that they hold the place of auxiliary forces, specially necessary in these days, whose skill and industry, both in the performance of sacred functions and in elevating the condition of men by means of Christian charity, the Bishops may make use of with the greatest fitness and the greatest profit. This truth too, among others, you wisely establish—that there is no form of Government to which the religious orders are opposed and hostile, but that it is greatly to the interest of public tranquillity that so large a number of inoffensive citizens should continue to possess in its integrity the right to live in peace and quiet; and finally, that it is not for men who desire the real good of the people to court the appearance of forsaking the religion which all in common

possess, or to pursue with their hostility the Catholic faith which they have received by inheritance from their ancestors.

The same has been the opinion and judgment of all the other Bishops of France upon these unhappy decrees: all of them, with the most praiseworthy courage and moderation have publicly and zealously taken up the task of protecting the religious orders, and have understood that in so doing they were discharging a just and imperative duty. For they perceive with perfect truth how vast is the magnitude of the impending evil, and that not only is sorrow in store for the Church, but a dire calamity is threatening France—an outrage upon free citizens, and a great danger to the public peace.

And in truth it is the Church herself that has begotten, and with motherly care has nurtured to the full glory of virtue and of human excellence, those admirable men against whom it has been determined to rouse up the violence of the law. Moreover, on many grounds civil society owes them a very deep debt; for they are wont by the holiness of their lives to stir up the minds of men to well-doing, by the abundance of their learning to shed light upon teaching, both sacred and profane, and, in a word, to enrich with the enduring fruits of their genius the inheritance of all the noblest sciences. When too at any time there has been an unusual scarcity of clergy, it is from the monasteries that have come forth bands of sacred labourers endowed with rare wisdom and industry, to aid the Bishops in training souls to holiness, in spreading the knowledge of the Gospel, and in instilling into the young both learning and good morals. Moreover the religious houses of France have ever contributed a very large number of those who are sent to carry on the work of the Gospel among barbarous nations—men who both accomplished mighty labours for the Catholic faith, and, along with the Christian Gospel, have borne to distant nations the name and the glory of France. On the other hand, there is hardly any kind of misfortune incident to human life which the religious bodies have not endeavoured to alleviate, hardly any reverse which men commonly regard as a calamity for which they have not sought to provide a timely remedy; whether in the hospitals or in the refuges provided for the lowest of the populace, whether amidst the harmony and tranquillity of States, or amidst the disturbance and heat of warlike outbreaks: and all this they have done with a sweetness and a spirit of mercy which can have no source but the charity of God. The

noblest examples and most glorious fruits of that charity meet the eye in every province, city, and town.

It appeared at one time that the merit of services so many and so important, vouched for by the unanimous testimony of the Bishops, would have had sufficient weight to ward off the blow which it was being sought to deal: especially as the vast majority of French citizens of every rank, filled with alarm by the pressing danger of the religious orders, made haste to vie with one another in the eager expression of their good will, every one nobly striving to be foremost in respect and kindness; and not a few of them, setting a noble example of courage, chose to resign the magistracy and to renounce public duties rather than aid in bringing on this calamity, or seem to be abettors of those decrees by which they saw that a terrible wound was being inflicted upon the lawful and time-honoured liberty of citizens.

But ill-omened counsels prevailed, and men's ears were closed against the truly noble utterances of the Bishops and the complaints of Catholics. Nay, there was good reason to suspect that the religious bodies would not have escaped destruction even if they had asked for legal authorization; for it became sufficiently clear from no dubious indications of the course of events and the state of feeling that the purpose of destroying the sacred orders had taken deep root in men's minds. Hence the religious unanimously determined that it was fitting to refrain from such a request, all the more because other reasons were not wanting which recommended the same course.

Accordingly on an appointed day, and by violent means action began in virtue of that first decree by which it was enacted that the Society of Jesus should be dispersed throughout the whole of France. On occasion of that event We commanded Our Legate at Paris at once to convey Our remonstrances to the Government of the Republic, and at the same time to point out that no such treatment had been deserved by that large body of men of approved virtue, whose charity, learning, and labours specially devoted with the greatest zeal and with clear-sighted prudence to the education of the young, this Apostolic See has long known and values most highly. To the virtue of these men the French bear witness both by the good will they show them and by that unmistakable token of a favourable judgment—gladly and with full

confidence entrusting to their teaching and integrity those most precious treasures their young sons.

But when Our remonstrances, expressed through Our Legate had proved fruitless, We, in virtue of Our office and power, were about to raise Our Apostolic voice against what had already been done and what might in the future be done towards the ruin of the sacred orders. Then, however, We were given to understand that the decrees might be no further carried out if the religious would declare in letters to that effect that they held altogether aloof from political movements and disturbances, and that in their life and conduct they had not been led astray into party projects.

Many grave reasons urged Us to accept a condition thus voluntarily offered by the Government itself; since that condition, besides being opposed neither to Catholic doctrine nor to the dignity of the religious orders, had this further advantage, that it seemed capable of warding off a very great evil from France, or at least of snatching from the hands of her enemies a weapon of which they were in the habit of making bad use in order to injure the religious.

It is quite clear and evident to Us and to this Apostolic See for what purpose and with what aim religious associations have been established in the Catholic Church,—namely, for the perfect and complete attainment of virtue in the associates themselves: while in their active employments, which make themselves felt without, and vary with the individual orders, no other aim is set before them than either the eternal salvation of their neighbours or the assuaging of the sufferings of the human race. And to these ends they devote themselves with marvellous readiness and uninterrupted assiduity.

Beyond a doubt, there is no form of civil government which the Catholic Church disapproves or condemns: and those institutions which have been established by the Church herself can exist and thrive whether the state be guided by the power and justice of one man or of many. And the Apostolic See, which, through all the windings and complications of public affairs, must transact business with those who rule over the people, has but this one desire and purpose—the safety of the Christian Church; as to injuring the rights of the civil power, no matter in whose hands those rights may be, this it neither desires nor can desire. Again, no one doubts that, for the sake of preserving order, which is the basis of public safety, all must

obey those who are in possession of power in those things that are just ; yet from this it by no means follows that any injustice which may exist in the laws or government of a State must be respected and obeyed.

Since these are rules of public law common to all Catholics, there was nothing to prevent the making of that declaration of aims. And therefore there is some ground for wonder in the fact that this design, which had been deliberated upon with the most serious attention and undertaken with a view to the good of Christianity and of the State, met nevertheless with unfavourable critics and judges in men otherwise worthy of praise for their earnest and learned labours in defence of the Catholic religion. In order to a juster appreciation of the matter it should have been enough for them to know that that declaration of aims of which We have spoken had been made by the authority or advice, or at least with the approval of the Bishops. For to the Bishops, whom "the Holy Ghost has appointed to rule the Church of God," it belongs to govern and to watch over those matters which concern the Catholic religion ; while it is clearly the duty of others to be subject and to obey.

Accordingly, when the declaration which was demanded had been put forth, it seemed that there was less reason to fear for the religious bodies. And yet, most unhappily, the rulers of France determined to go forward in the course which they had begun ; and now day by day We hear from that country the bitter and mournful news that even the remaining communities of the religious orders have begun to be scattered and destroyed. By this new misfortune under which France is now suffering We are deeply moved and profoundly grieved ; and We deplore and denounce the wrong which is being done to the Catholic Church.

Yet even now, while the war is fiercely raging, and even sterner contests are not far removed from our sight, Our office requires of Us everywhere to protect the institutions of the Catholic Church which stand rooted in unconquerable strength, and with bold and lofty determination to uphold those rights which have been intrusted to Our faithfulness. For which purpose We have the fullest confidence that We shall never want either for your assistance, beloved son, or for that of Our other venerable brothers, who never cease to prove by every means their obedience to Us and their eminent good will. With your help, therefore, and by the blessing of God, We shall

succeed in this—that, in these times and circumstances so full of alarm, that admirable unity will be maintained which springs from faith and charity, and by which the Christian nations, all the Bishops, and the supreme Shepherd of the Church must ever be bound in one.

Relying on this hope, We most lovingly impart to you, Our beloved son, to Our other venerable brethren the Bishops of France, and to the clergy and people committed to your charge, Our apostolic benediction, as a harbinger of divine blessings and as a token of Our special love.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the twenty-second day of October, in the year 1880, being the third year of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII. PP.

Catholic Review.

I.—NOTES ON THE PRESS.

I.—ST. METHODIUS, APOSTLE OF THE SLAVS.

HIS HOLINESS Pope Leo the Thirteenth, on the 30th of September last, was pleased to extend to the whole Church the office and feast of SS. Cyril and Methodius, granted by Pius the Ninth to Bohemia, Moravia, and Croatia, and fixed for the 5th of July. Hitherto but little has been known in Western Europe of the labours of the apostles of the Slavonic race. Their names are found in the Roman Martyrologium on the 9th of March, but any circumstantial acquaintance with their history has been a privilege restricted to students, and among students to those alone whose pursuit of knowledge led them along an unfrequented path. Moreover, the history of these great saints does not yield itself to the first superficial inquiry, for it has been made the subject of many controversies.

Before passing to the special subject of the critical remarks which Père Martinov has published in the *Revue des Questions Historiques* (October, 1880), it may be a kindness to some of our readers to put together a short account of the career of SS. Cyril and Methodius derived from the Encyclical which ordains the celebration of their feast.

SS. Cyril and Methodius were first cousins, born in Thessalonica, in the middle of the ninth century, and sent at an early age to study at Constantinople. Both of them displayed great talent, but Cyril in particular gained so much distinction by his scientific researches, that he earned the title of "the Philosopher." Methodius, after a few years of study, embraced the monastic life, and Cyril was sent by the Empress Theodora, at the request of the patriarch Ignatius, to instruct in the Christian faith the Chazars, who dwelt beyond the Tauric Chersonese (the Crimea). Here, while he was applying himself to the study of the language, he had the great happiness under

heavenly guidance to discover the precious relics of St. Clement the Roman, their identity being corroborated by the presence of the anchor to which the holy martyr had been fastened when he was flung into the sea by order of Trajan. St. Cyril soon gained to Jesus Christ the whole people of the Chazars, and returning to Constantinople, betook himself with the treasured relics to the monastery in which Methodius lay hid. The Prince of Moravia, Rostislav, hearing of what had been done among the Chazars, applied to the Emperor, Michael the Third, for some missionaries to be sent to his people from Constantinople. Cyril and Methodius were deputed to undertake the mission. As they passed on their way through Bulgaria, which had already been in part evangelized, they converted many by their preaching, and on the borders of Moravia they were received with an enthusiastic welcome by prince and people, for the whole nation was eager to be gathered into the fold. Cyril had cause to rejoice that he had made so deep a study of the Slavonic tongue. The Slavonic race owes to these two saints not only its faith, but its alphabet and its civilization. They may be said to have made the language, so great were their literary services. The rapid conversion of the people was in part due to the translation which Cyril made of the whole Bible into the vernacular.

Pope St. Nicholas the First (A.D. 858—867) heard of these great deeds and summoned the two apostles to Rome, whither they went with prompt obedience, carrying the relics of St. Clement with them. They did not find Pope Nicholas alive, but they were received with high honour by his successor, Adrian the Second (A.D. 867—872), who made them relate in solemn conclave the history of their enterprise. They mentioned in the course of their narrative how, for what seemed to them sufficient reason, they had celebrated Holy Mass in the Slavonic language, and they defended their conduct in this respect with many powerful arguments, so that the Holy Father and all his clergy gave their full approval. About ten years later, in 880, Pope John the Eighth confirmed the privilege in a letter written to Sviatopolk, the successor of Rostislav. In the course of this visit to Rome Cyril died, A.D. 869, and Methodius, after receiving Episcopal consecration, returned alone to watch over the new faith in Moravia, and to convert or keep steadfast many neighbouring nations. His active zeal added the Pannonians, Serbs, and Livornians to the ranks of the faithful, and made itself felt

in Dalmatia and Bulgaria and Carinthia. He suffered many tribulations at the hands of the licentious Prince Sviatopolk, and was accused to the Pope of teaching false doctrine, the chief foundation of the assertion being the celebration of Mass in the Slavonic tongue. John the Eighth summoned him to Rome in 880, to answer the charge. He was triumphantly acquitted, and the Holy Father, having appointed several bishops to assist him, sent him back with honour. Before he died (A.D. 885 ?) he had converted the Prince of Bohemia, and had planted the faith in Poland, penetrating, as some aver, even into Muscovy. He died peacefully in Moravia.

Père Martinov discusses the evidence lately extracted from a series of Papal letters in the British Museum. Hardly three years have passed since a learned professor of Kiev, M. Voronov, completed the self-imposed task of collating and weighing the conflicting testimonies concerning the Apostles of the Slavonic nations; and, although he did his work carefully, several of the conclusions at which he arrived are already confuted by writings of which the existence was unknown to him at that very recent date. In the collection above mentioned, about the authenticity of which Père Martinov says there is no doubt, there are contained two hundred and thirty-three letters of various Popes, and of these a considerable number are of great importance, some of them filling up certain long deplored *lacunæ*. The letters which throw light upon the history of the two Saints were written by John the Eighth (A.D. 872—882) and Stephen the Sixth (A.D. 885—891), and Père Martinov founds his remarks upon a dissertation published by M. Ewald,¹ which he praises as a model of judicious criticism.

The tribulations of the episcopate of St. Methodius in Moravia were many and grievous, according to local tradition, supported by an old Slavonic chronicle, purporting to be written by a disciple of the Saint; but several learned critics were disposed to regard this account as legendary, and refused to believe that St. Methodius had been detained more than two years in prison by the Archbishop of Salzburg. The language of the old chronicler certainly does not win credence to his story, and for the sake of St. Methodius we may hope that some of the words put into his mouth in the description of his most undignified altercation with the Bavarian bishops are speeches

¹ *Neues Archiv*, 1880, vol. v. pp. 275, 415, 505, 507. *Die Papstbriefe der Britischen Sammlung*.

invented by his panegyrist ; but Père Martinov tells us that the main facts are entirely borne out by undoubtedly genuine letters of Pope John the Eighth. This Pope addressed letters of extraordinary severity to Adalvin, Archbishop of Salzburg, and two of his suffragans, the Bishop of Passau and the Bishop of Frising, ordering them to reinstate Methodius in his see, and declaring that Pannonia was not under their jurisdiction. At the same time he sent Paul, Bishop of Ancona, as his legate, to enforce the order. Paul's instructions are in these words :

Say to them, therefore : " I am sent, not to institute a trial concerning the diocese, but to restore the see of one who has been for three years subjected to violence. And certainly according to established decrees it is proper that he should in the first place be reinvested with his episcopal ministry and afterwards be required to render an account ; so that, in the present instance [scilicet], he may come forward for the judgment of his cause after having been for a year and a half invested with his recovered rights." Moreover, if Alvinus with Hermanric shall desire to proceed to a trial with our Bishop Methodius, say to them : " You without a canonical sentence have condemned a Bishop appointed by the Apostolic See, putting him in prison, ill-treating him with blows, separating him from the sacred ministry, and driving him from his see for three years, although in that space of three years he appealed by several missives [or by sending several persons] to the Apostolic See."

Hermanric, Bishop of Passau, who had treated Methodius in the most brutal manner, even threatening to flog him (*equino flagello*) with his own hands, was deprived of his see and cited to Rome to answer for his conduct. The liberation of Methodius was effected at last by the excommunication of the principal persecutors, and he was welcomed back to Moravia by Sviatopolk with high honour.

A letter of Pope Stephen the Sixth to Sviatopolk, which was published by Wattenbach in 1849, has perplexed the learned not a little, and strong reasons had been urged against its authenticity ; but it is found in the British Museum in conjunction with another letter or *Commonitorium* of the same Pope which is undoubtedly genuine, and yet presents nearly the same difficulties for solution. Three difficulties are set forth. First, the letter speaks of Methodius as alive, but he died, according to the received date, five months before the accession of Stephen the Sixth, and five years before the date assigned to this letter by Wattenbach ; secondly, Methodius is accused in this letter of superstition ; thirdly, the saying of Mass in the Slavonic

language is strictly forbidden, and mention is made of a promise given by Methodius to John the Eighth that he would never offend again in this matter. Of these difficulties the first is purely grammatical, and turns upon the use of a Latin participle. It may be dismissed as of no real weight, for there are two opinions about the question in its merely grammatical aspect, and even if it could be proved that, in strict Latinity, the employment of the present tense necessarily implies that Methodius was alive at the time, the answer is easy that Popes are not infallible in nice points of grammar. Moreover, the context shows that Methodius was dead, for the letter, without any hint of his having been deprived of his see, confides the Church of Moravia to another bishop. The second difficulty only shows that Pope Stephen the Sixth had not the same opinion of St. Methodius as John the Eighth, and this is not wonderful, for the adversaries of the saint had been working hard in Rome to prevent the appointment of Gorazde, whom he had named as his successor. Moreover, Stephen the Sixth does not speak absolutely but hypothetically. The third difficulty, in a similar manner, shows that Stephen the Sixth did not agree with John the Eighth about the advisability of permitting Mass to be said in the Slavonic language. It is a purely disciplinary question, on which Popes may disagree. The only real difficulty is in the promise said to have been made to John the Eighth, and it is necessary to confess that this difficulty has not yet been solved. It is possible that the statement, which certainly involves neither doctrine nor dogmatic fact, is founded upon some erroneous report. In any case the difficulty does not affect the authenticity of the letter to Sviatopolk, because it is equally present in the *Commonitorium*, which is certainly genuine. In other words it proves nothing, because it proves too much. And yet of this letter Professor Voronov said three years ago: "In the history of the latter years of St. Methodius criticism has no more difficult problem to solve than the letter of Stephen the Sixth to Sviatopolk; it is the question of questions, the most intricate of knots; it is difficult to find two authors altogether agreed about this document."

Although this appreciation could not be formed now, yet a certain fatality still attaches to the letter, and seems to justify the concluding remark of M. Voronov, for even after all the unravelling process skilfully effected by M. Ewald, and cordially endorsed by Père Martinov, it is still true that upon

one important point they are led to different conclusions by their examination of this letter. According to both our critics the two letters (the letter to Sviatopolk and the *Commonitorium*), were written at a time very near to the date of the death of St. Methodius; but M. Ewald believes that the *Commonitorium* was written, at the earliest, in the year 887, and feels himself in consequence unable to accept the received date of the saint's death A.D. 885; whereas Père Martinov adheres to the date of the death, and thinks that the date assigned to the *Commonitorium* is much the more easily shifted of the two. M. Ewald does not give his opinion at all oracularly, so that he may easily, on a revision of that particular part of his critical investigation, acknowledge the justice of the correction, which Père Martinov suggests with great diffidence.

2.—THE PRESENT STATE OF THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

We have already more than once in these pages called attention to the essays published from time to time by the Abbé Martin in the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century* in reference to the Ritualistic movement in England and the present condition of the Church in France. We are glad to see the scattered articles which treat of the former of these subjects gathered into a volume, not only because the Abbé Martin is an able controversialist, but also, and more particularly, because he surveys the question from a standpoint which is almost exclusively his own, inasmuch as he brings to the task qualities and gifts which are not often found in combination. He is a Catholic and a foreigner, possessing an unusual command of our English idiom, and taking a keen interest in Anglican developments. For the moment, however, we pass by these essays upon Ritualism, not certainly with indifference or disregard, in order to arrive immediately at the important statistics which the Abbé Martin has thrown together in an Appendix. Some of his tabulated results we quoted when they appeared in a less complete form, and we shall repeat a few of the details without deeming an apology needful; for it is more than ever requisite in the present crisis to correct wrong impressions and to disseminate sensible and just views about the state and the prospects of the Church in France.

As our readers know, the Abbé Martin dissents entirely

from the lugubrious conclusions which the Abbé Bougaud had founded upon an examination of the present, or, as it deserves to be called now, the recent, state of the Church in France. The list of vacant cures, which gives occasion to mournful forebodings, is altogether deceptive, unless it be read in the light of concurrent facts and diocesan arrangements.

M. Bougaud laments over 3,000 vacant cures, and we certainly ought not to lose sight of the reverse side of the medal. Yet in our opinion, and in that of others we have consulted, the conclusion which he draws from this fact is entirely erroneous. It is enough to observe, in the first place, the difference between this number and the 15,000 vacant cures mentioned by Mgr. de Frayssinous in 1820; secondly, many of these cures have been created from year to year, so that there is an annual increase; thirdly, since the beginning of the century, and especially since 1835, all the ancient religious orders have been revived, and several instituted which are absolutely new; and lastly, some cures have been declared vacant which are purely nominal, so that their existence and their vacancy are equally unimportant (p. 270).

The meaning of this last remark is that sometimes in official returns two priests are named as having the care of souls, when in reality one alone is doing the parochial duties, the other being old and infirm. The death of the old man will, in such cases, create a vacancy which needs no filling up.

M. l'Abbé Bougaud declares 26 incumbencies to be vacant in the diocese of Cahors, in which there are about 300,000 souls. In June, 1879, however, 28 priests were ordained; and the Bishop himself told the writer of these lines that he should find it difficult to provide employment for them all. Out of the 459 parishes included in this diocese, the population in 99 parishes is under 300 souls; and 30 parishes out of that number do not contain 150 souls. The commune of Luzech, for an instance, contains 4 parishes, 5 priests, and only 1,918 souls.

The state of things with which the Abbé Bougaud is so dissatisfied has not been gained without a long and hard struggle.

In each of the ninety dioceses of France there are now two, and sometimes three, minor colleges (*petits séminaires*) generally combined with several ecclesiastical colleges, containing from 150 to 200 pupils, and where as many subjects are studied as in the Government *lycées*. It must be remembered that these have all sprung up within the last seventy or eighty years, in spite of many obstacles to be overcome; and instead of despairing, as we may be tempted to do after reading the opening pages of M. Bougaud's *Grand Péril*, we should rather praise the goodness and beneficence of God towards the Church of France, in which there were, indeed, some apostates towards the end of the last century, but also thousands of martyrs (p. 269).

To show that there is reason to be thankful and hopeful, the Abbé Martin traces out briefly the true history of the Church in France, beginning from 1789. The chief conclusion which he seeks to establish, and which all his collected facts go to show, is that there has been a continual though not uniform increase in the number and efficiency of the clergy, and a constant improvement in the condition of ecclesiastical affairs from the year 1801, when the Concordat became the basis of a new legislation. This continual advance has been made, as we learn from public documents, in the face of an opposition which never really relented, although it was not equally demonstrative in all stages of the contest, occasionally for a brief space revealing its presence in nothing worse than a suppressed growl, but infallibly a little later, as if by a necessary law of compensation, emitting a prolonged scream of insane hate.

When the Revolution broke out there were 27,000 monks, 37,000 nuns, and 70,000 secular priests. The census of 1876 presents 55,000 priests, 8,000 being religious, 22,000 religious men, not priests, and 127,000 nuns. The ten years which closed the last century were calamitous indeed. Priests were guillotined, or drowned, or driven to Cayenne, or in some instances, by a far sadder fate, were induced to take the constitutional oath, and sank into deserved contempt. Only a fourth part of the clergy answered to the muster-roll in 1801.

The Concordat, bearing date the 15th of July, 1801, contains seventeen articles, from which the Abbé Martin selects three as of principal importance.

Art. I. The Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion shall be freely exercised in France; its worship shall be public, in conformity with the police regulations which the Government shall deem necessary for public tranquillity.

Art. XIV. The Government shall guarantee a sufficient salary (*un traitement convenable*) to the bishops and clergy whose dioceses and incumbencies are included in the new boundaries.

Art. XV. The Government will also take measures to enable those French Catholics who desire to do so, to establish ecclesiastical endowments.

The so-called Organic Articles are seventy-seven in number, and are conceived in a totally different spirit from that which appears in the Concordat. As it was convenient to Napoleon to represent the two distinct battles of Jena and Auerstadt as parts of one and the same, so it was his policy to endeavour to

make a confusion between the treaty which he had signed with Pius the Seventh and the arbitrary constitution which he caused to be drawn up for the purpose, as it is surmised, of pacifying a strong party in the nation to whom the Concordat had given umbrage. There is scarcely one provision in the Organic Articles which is not derogatory to the free exercise of the Catholic religion, which formed the first article of the Concordat. Pius the Seventh protested in full Consistory, on the 24th of May, 1802, and despatched a letter to Napoleon on the following day. A year later he renewed the protest, and in the Bull of Excommunication of 1809 the Organic Articles were not forgotten. Yet, with all these impediments to restrict its action, the Concordat did good service. Dr. Littledale attributes the present misfortunes of the Church in France, not without reason, to the Organic Articles; but, having by a happy accident lighted upon a partially true assertion, he immediately makes an erroneous application of the same. Certain miseries are due to the Organic Articles: the Organic Articles are due to Pius the Seventh: therefore the Pope after all is to blame for everything. His words, as quoted by the Abbé Martin,¹ are: "The existing state of affairs is due to the plot of Pius the Seventh with Napoleon the First, against the liberties of the Gallican Church, and therefore has the highest possible Roman Catholic sanction."

The Abbé Martin shows by facts and figures how the work of reconstruction permitted by the Concordat was accomplished in spite of the Organic Articles.

The Church emerged from the ten years of furious persecution despoiled of all her worldly substance. The first step taken by Pius the Seventh in the pursuit of higher interests than the recovery of lands and houses was to consent to accept the unjust spoliation. He solemnly ratified the alienation of Church property, promising for himself and his successors that the actual owners of the ill-gotten goods should never be molested. To have refused to grant this plenary remission of debt would have been to perpetuate a most mischievous dispute, but to grant it freely and without a word of murmuring was an act of grace worthy of the Holy See. The sacrifice, which some considered an unwise encouragement of future trespasses, has been amply rewarded. Exasperating memories died out in one generation, and now, after many sales and transfers, the

¹ P. 260.

former ownership is to be considered a subject of historic research rather than of practical concern.

The Constitutional Church disappeared in the course of a few years, the feeling of bitterness was softened, and union between the despoilers and the despoiled was re-established. It must also be remembered that when the Holy See confirmed the alienation of ecclesiastical property, it obtained three concessions in return: (1) the recognition of its rights of property; (2) an indemnity, or annual restitution, under the form of the Budget for Public Worship; and (3) the right of acquiring fresh property (p. 262).

We look in vain for consistency in the measures or generosity in the administration of the men whom the Revolution trained for office. To recognize in the Church the right of holding property is to acknowledge the injustice of taking her property away, and to demand her ratification of the transfer is to ask her to endorse the theft. The indemnity was even in theory a very inadequate compensation, and in practice it has fallen considerably below the terms of the agreement. Except under the Commune the Government has never repudiated the charge, but it has interpreted in its own shabby fashion the "fitting provision" (*un traitement convenable*) which, as a poor compensation for a national injustice, it undertook to provide.

There was a promise that a *sufficient* provision should be made for the bishops and the parochial clergy. Now the allowance to the archbishops has never exceeded 20,000 francs, and the allowance to the bishops is 15,000 francs. This year the liberality of the Chamber assumed the form of taking from 2,000 to 5,000 francs from the bishops' and archbishops' income, and of the saving effected by this reduction (*viz.*, 435,000 francs) 200,000 francs have been distributed among aged priests.

These modest sums may be compared with the *traitement convenable* which our generous English Government grants to the bishops of the Established Church, and although in the latter case a wife and family have to be considered, yet a bishop is a bishop in France as elsewhere. He has a position to maintain, and with it an expenditure to encounter differing in kind from the demands which are made upon the resources of the inferior clergy. The English bishops receive large incomes not because they are married, as some of the poor curates know too well, but because they are bishops, and the principle of making a considerable difference between the income of a bishop and the income of a parish priest has

been always recognized by the French Government, as we now proceed to show.

The clergy may be divided into five classes, with incomes ranging from 1,600, 1,500, 1,200, 1,000, and 900 francs—that is, from £64 to £36 per annum. It must also be observed that, while the Government guarantees an income of £12 to the *vicaires*, or curates, of rural parishes, there is absolutely no allowance for those who are employed in large towns. In Paris, for example, some parishes are served by five, six, eight, ten, or even twelve priests, who have never received, and never will receive, a farthing from Government.

Again, a comparison may be instituted, class against class, between French *curés* and English rectors, vicars, and perpetual curates, between French *vicaires* and English curates, all of them being considered under the point of view of public servants having a recognized claim to be maintained at the cost of the country. The truth is, that the *traitement convenable*, when interpreted by an illiberal Government, meant that bishops and priests would have to eke out their incomes as best they might, if priests were to escape starvation and bishops were to exercise their episcopal functions. The Abbé Martin continues :

Let us now see what is the average income of a French priest. It is difficult to ascertain this point, since the data vary much in different dioceses, and even in different parishes. Zeal, effectual ministry, devotion, and the esteem or affection by which these qualities are rewarded, in the first instance, are necessarily the causes of much variation in the latter sources of income [casual receipts and offerings]. But after instituting many inquiries in many different places, we are inclined to believe that the average revenue of the parochial clergy in country districts may be estimated from £60 to £70 a year. In addition to this sum, there is always a house, almost always a garden, and sometimes a meadow, field, or vineyard. The country priest must be content with this small income, which has to serve for his maintenance and for all other incidental expenses, unless he has private means.

If the beggarly stipends apportioned out of the revenues of the State reflect dishonour upon the Government which considers them the *traitement convenable* of hard-working responsible parish priests, their scantiness is not without advantages in another order of things which lies outside the scope of the civil administration. Under a system which secures to priests plenty of work in the vineyard of the Lord and very little pay on this side of the grave, vocations to the ecclesiastical state are purified from the taint of suspicion of worldly motives. A seminary student does not look forward to the priesthood as

a way of making money, or having an easy life. "We have never heard," says the Abbé Martin, "of a French priest who died leaving a fortune acquired during his ministry. Such a scandal is, thank God, almost unknown." He tells us also that a French priest holds in honour the maxim, *Pas de dettes et pas de pécule*—neither debts unpaid nor money unspent, when death comes. "If he has a modest patrimony, he generally leaves it to his family; but everything else is the portion of the poor, who are his heirs; and for the most part the poor and good works have already absorbed all that he possesses in his lifetime."

The permission granted to French Catholics by the Concordat, of making ecclesiastical endowments, has been rendered very nearly a dead letter from the first by the multiplicity of vexatious formalities required in such cases. "The documents relating to legacies or donations have to pass through so many offices before they are sanctioned, that any official who desires to do so can postpone them indefinitely." It is easy to conjecture, in the full light of late events, that if any official has the power to do a spiteful thing *in odium fidei*, many officials will be found willing to do it. How would a legacy to a Jesuit College have fared in the hands of young and ardent admirers of M. Jules Ferry's policy? The men who will tamper with hospital regulations in order to keep a priest from a dying Catholic, when he is crying out in anguish of soul for a confessor, are capable of any injustice or cruelty which can be committed without personal danger to themselves. To the same system of delays, intentionally devised to hinder free action, the Abbé Martin attributes the unwillingness of some of the religious orders to apply for an authorization which could easily have been procured at an earlier date without much ostensible desire on the part of the Government to prescribe harsh terms.

It would be impossible for societies devoted to secondary education to introduce any improvement into their establishments, so long as any clerk in office might object to the expenditure of 300 francs, or submit the item to the most vexatious delays. Progress would manifestly be impossible, and the reason is plain why the Jesuits have voluntarily deprived themselves of authorization. Had they been authorized they would have been no better protected from the attacks directed against them. The fact that they are unauthorized is simply a pretext; and the things which are said and done in France at this moment with reference to the authorized communities are an ample proof that such is the case.

With a Church to build up from its ruins in pinching poverty, and under a constant petty persecution of official intolerance, the Catholics of France, fighting every inch of ground, have pushed forward for eighty years, until "the grain of mustard seed has become a great tree, which offends the eyes of our modern Radicals." For the first twenty years it was a struggle for life. Of the 20,000 or 25,000 priests who had survived the massacres, many were no longer young, and the recruits barely sufficed to fill up the gaps which death caused from year to year. In 1820 the progress began to show itself, and in the last twenty years the forward movement has been very rapid. The number of vocations to religious life are perhaps the most remarkable item in the analysis. In the fifteen years from 1861 to 1876 the religious orders of men show an increase of 61 per cent., and of women 54 per cent.

	1861.	1876.	Increase.
Men	18,745	30,287	61 per cent.
Women	82,640	127,753	54 "

"These figures," says the Abbé Martin, "do not call for much comment; they are a proof that the vocations to the highest Christian life are not falling off, and we may draw from this fact the like inference as to the clerical life." He rightly observes that there is a close connection between the two vocations, so that an increase in the one implies invariably an increase in the other. "The population of France since 1801 has been augmented by a fourth, since 1821 by a sixth. But the incumbencies have been augmented by a fourth since 1817, and the clergy has been more than doubled." As he maintains at the same time that improvement in training has accompanied the increase in number, it is not surprising that he should conclude that a great portion of the Abbé Bougaud's dark foreboding is "somewhat wild declamation."

Yet events move rapidly in France, and there is a change for the worse even since the Abbé Martin wrote. A few months ago the Catholics of France might have pointed with exaltation to the noble building which they had raised from the ruin wrought by the Revolution, but already it is in part demolished. It remains to be seen whether the sons of the men who re-established the religious orders in the labour of many years will permit them to be permanently dispersed by a purely arbitrary act of one of the feeblest Governments that ever held the reins of power in modern Europe.

II.—NOTICES.

1. *The Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God.* By Sister M. F. Clare. London and Dublin: Burns and Oates, Gill and Son, 1880.—The "Kenmare Series" is too well known to need special commendation from us. The present volume is one of the best that Sister Mary Frances Clare has given us. It goes over the whole ground that ought to be included in a Life of our Blessed Lady—that is, it embraces the Scriptural types and prophecies, as well as the stores of Christian tradition, and even of certain "revelations" with regard to the Mother of our Lord. The book strikes us as very well arranged, and it cannot fail to increase and foster the enlightened devotion of Catholics. This is the highest object at which the writer of such a work can aim.

2. *Shakespeare's Stories* simply told. By Mary Seamer. With 150 illustrations. Nelson and Son, London, Edinburgh, and New York, 1880.—Many who are now old will remember how, when they were young, they delighted in Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*. There are some reasons, perhaps, why Lamb's work should not hold its place in the present day, when the wants of children are attended to with so much diligence and refinement. At all events, Mrs. Seamer's work is so well done, and so nicely illustrated, that it cannot but become very popular among the class for whom it is meant. Our young friends will have no excuse now if they do not know Shakespeare's stories before they come to be able to appreciate his genius.

3. *Life of Sister Rosalie.* By M. le Vicomte de Melun. Translated by F. T. Porter. Dublin: M. H. Gill, 1880.—M. de Melun's well-known *Life of Sœur Rosalie* is a kind of classic in its kind, and we can only wonder that it has never before been translated in England or Ireland. The Sisters of Charity are, we believe, one of the "recognized" Congregations in France, and so have not yet been driven from the country, one of whose chief glories it is to have been the country of St. Vincent de Paul. How long this toleration may last, no one can tell. It is probably owing to the love of the people for the Sisters that it has not hitherto been infringed. We wish Mr. Porter's work a wide circulation.

4. *The Mission Cross, its work and its triumph.* By the Author of *Roman Violets*. Washbourne, London, 1880.—This little work, which is dedicated to Father Lockhart, and introduced by a short letter from his Eminence Cardinal Manning, is published to reward and help on the work of the Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross. The story is prettily told.





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